

Australian

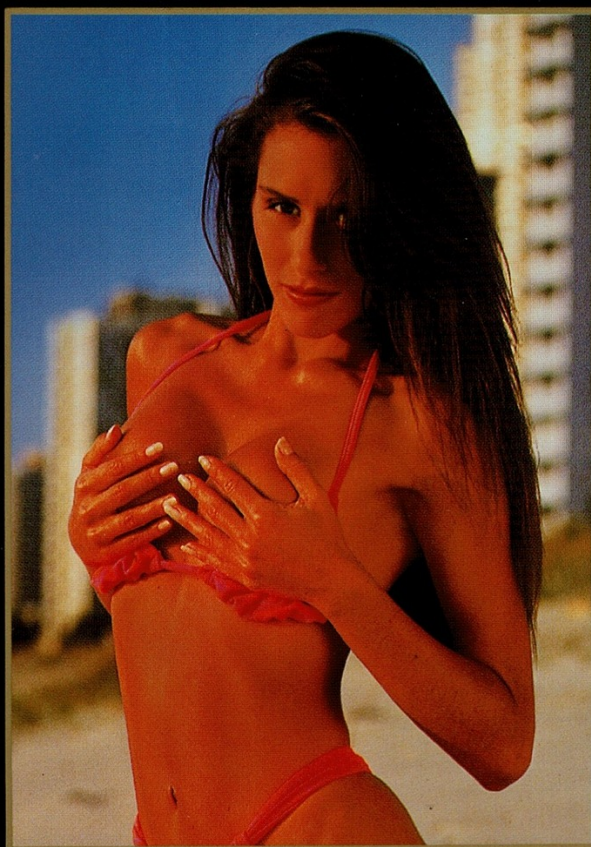
PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL 1992

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



Bare Beauty

Postcards from the Gold Coast

Awful Ads

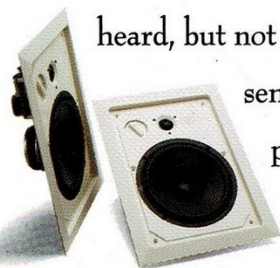
Australia's worst TV
commercials

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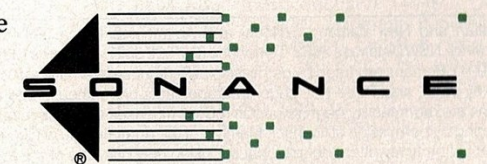


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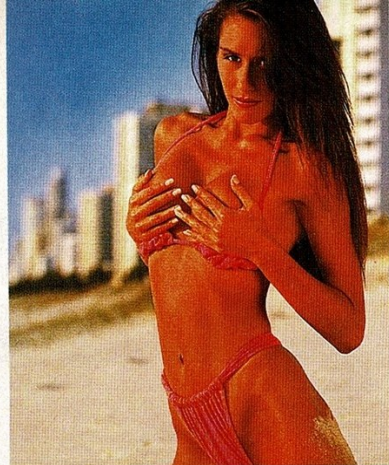
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Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine / Vol 13 No 4 / April 1992 Black Label Edition



Cover by Adam Watson

*Recommended price only

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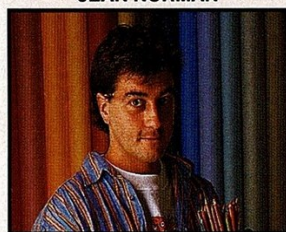
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JEAN NORMAN



FRANTS KANTOR



ERIC LÖBBECKE



HANS DE HAAS

housecall

MUM'S THE WORD

When concern is expressed on the subject of incest, it is usually father/daughter relations which are the focus of attention. David Smiedt lifts the veil on the other side of the incest coin — mother/son sexual abuse. It's more prevalent than many people think, a serious social problem with lasting implications for its male victims. And even if men choose to confront it, there is virtually no research on the subject and very little help or counselling available. This expose, with case studies, starts on page 26. Hans De Haas created the dramatic illustration.

AWFUL ADS

Which terrible commercial do you hate most? Is it a sickeningly euphemistic ad for a feminine hygiene product? Thirty seconds of bullshit in which a bank tries to convince you of its selfless benevolence? Or a hysterical hick front man selling cut-price crap after midnight? Are ads worth watching at all or are they an affront to human (and even animal) dignity? Don't miss Jean Norman's hilarious list of crimes against culture, accompanied by illustrations by Eric Löbbecke on page 34.

ROCKET MAN

At the Kennedy Space Centre the other astronauts called him "Big John." Tall and physically powerful with a slow, West Virginian draw, Captain John McBride took six other people with him in the Space Shuttle on the ride of their lives around the Earth for eight-and-a-half days in 1984. And after that trip, McBride found he had gained a new perspective on the environment and how it should be treated. Now retired, McBride was on a visit to the Gold Coast when Graham Bicknell caught up with him and asked him all the things you ever wanted to know about being a spaceman. Turn to page 50.

KENNEDY THEORY FEVER

Who really did kill JFK? Twenty-nine years after the 35th President of the United States was assassinated in downtown Dallas, Kennedy killing conspiracy theories are still spinning at full force. Did Lee Harvey Oswald fire the fatal shot? Or was the assassination masterminded by the Mafia, Castro, the FBI or the CIA? Will the mystery ever be resolved, or are there forces in the US Government which have made sure it won't be? Turn to page 66 for Chuck Dean's comprehensive conspiracy guide — the suspects, the factions and the motives which will help make up your mind.

TRUMP CARD

Laurie Daley's young, he's gutsy, he's a great team player and an extraordinary individual. He likes to party and he loves company, but most of all he likes to play footy. For country, for NSW, for Australia, it doesn't matter — he applies the same brilliance and dedication whenever he runs on to the field. On page 82 Richard McKinnon profiles the man behind the many stories, the Raiders' star turn, the scandalous superstar and the down-home country boy who wears the five-eight Test jumper and will do anything for his mates.



Mum's The Word



Awful Ads



Rocket Man



Kennedy Theory Fever

APRIL



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feedback

Jail talk

After reading "Dangerous Lives" by Bronwyn Phillips (Dec 91), I feel I must write to you to set the records straight.

I am talking about the prison officer. The only reason this guy considers his job dangerous is because of the brainwashing he has received in his initial training. The only reason their job is dangerous is because they incite trouble. They have the manners of a three-toed sloth and have personalities of indoor plants and they expect prisoners to treat them nicely!

It's people like these that make the system what it is today. And it's quotes like: "I am above their level" which show just how biased they really are.

I would just like to say that as long as Correctional Services have such people guarding their jails with this type of attitude, then they are always going to have trouble. And as sure as the sun sets in the west, the media will blame the crims. — *Darrell M. Ridely, Mt Gambier Gaol, Mt Gambier, SA*

Blue and boring

Regarding your article "Blue Twilight", how about another version? Three years ago X-Rated videos through mail order were a novelty which I discovered in *Penthouse*. And like thousands of others I was curious and interested enough to try it. After careful selection, I have bought about a dozen of these videos over the past three years. And I have good reason to believe I probably have the best of a bad lot. I can pass judgement — after having seen the bad ones, I exchanged them for better ones.

Even so, after watching the better ones twice, I have no interest in watching them again. I fail to see what is supposed to be so exciting about them. To be fair, perhaps ten percent of each film is somewhat exciting. Otherwise, you would have to be locked up in a monastery for 25 years before you find those movies remotely exciting. Which probably explains why only the Church complains about them.

In conclusion, I do not buy them any more. And a lot of others have probably made the same decision. Which would explain the decline of the industry. If the new tax has pushed the price up to



Cindy — pure inspiration

\$49.95, I fail to see the argument. Three years ago, all new videos were costing \$49.95. As for the competition, I find it difficult to feel sorry for them. I was only buying videos from the Mature Media Group until, that is, they passed my name and address to some other companies. Strange way for a business to build a clientele, you must admit. — *Name and address withheld*

Heat wave

Your January centrefold, Cindy, was something to behold. What a stunning blonde. Even better, there was a calendar with her on it, which I have now pinned up in the galley. It might inspire the cook, who learned his culinary skills in Purgatory. So while we are off fishing in the Bight, I'll be pondering the Pet Of The Year. What a fantastic bunch of women! We've had a debate as to who is the best, and it resulted in near mutiny. At least it gives us something to think about besides squid. Thanks for a great mag. — *Name and address withheld*

Fush and chups

I must admit that as far as countries go, I've never given New Zealand much consideration. Too far away, too many sheep and not very good at Rugby League, either. What does it really have to offer?

Not long ago, I revised my opinion. New Zealand does have something to offer — 23 years old, with long, brown hair

and a body that would make even a blind man leave home. I am, of course, referring to Jody Boyce, the woman who has single-handedly become responsible for my September issue being made available on a roster basis in the office.

All I can say is that Jody has done for NZ what nudism and uninhibited lifestyles have done for Sweden. Thank you, *Penthouse*, I'll never make fun of "fush and chups" again! — *W. Aunger, Jolimont, WA*

Turn to page 40 to see more of Jody. — Ed

St John

Where does John Birmingham get off? His story "Fallen Angel" in December *Penthouse* was nothing short of discriminatory. What gives Mr Birmingham the right to harass a citizen, regardless of that citizen's beliefs and ideals? His persecution of Howard Carter was appalling. Furthermore, the sense of righteous indignation which pervaded the story debases journalistic objectivity. — *Name and address withheld*

Pet query

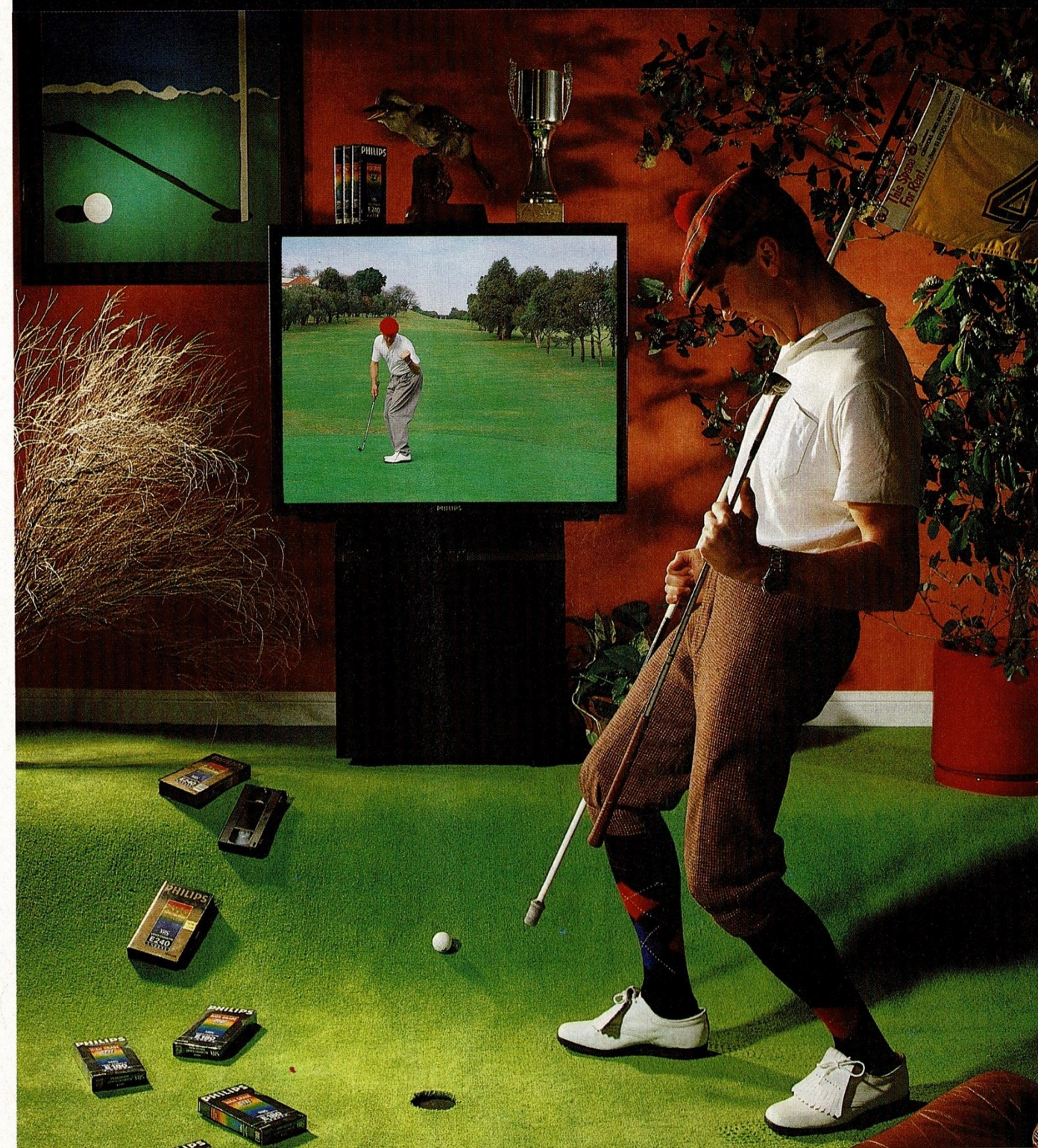
Great story on "Helicops" (*Penthouse*, January), great pics too. Same goes for your "Skin Trade" story. You guys have got some terrific pictorials, and not just the girls, either (although they're a bit of all right, I reckon). I've got a question about Pet Of The Year. How come we don't get to vote for all the girls you have in *Penthouse*? Are some girls scrubbed in semi-finals or what? Because I'd like to vote for a girl who isn't on the list. — *Alan B, Toowoomba, Qld*

Only one girl per issue is actually a Pet, and at times we use overseas models who aren't available to be Pets. — Ed

Cover shots

I thought the cover of the December issue of *Penthouse* was absolutely superb. All the credit has to go to Lucy Gretszy, though. She is the cutest model you've ever had. When she wins Pet Of The Year (which I have no doubt she will) will you run another pictorial so I can get another look at her or do I have to keep my December issue in a humidicrib? — *Name and address withheld*

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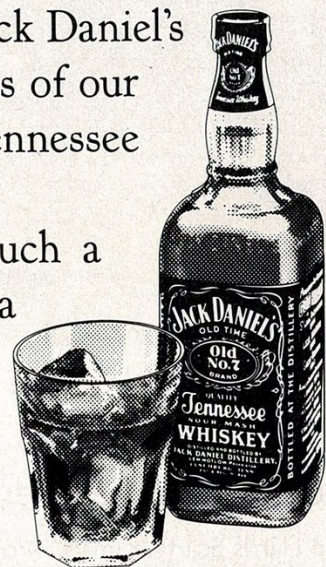


If you'd like to know more about our little town and its people, drop us a line.

THERE AREN'T MANY TOWNS where hound dog pups are sold on Main Street. But Lynchburg, Tennessee is one.

And just a short distance from where such transactions are occurring is Jack Daniel's Distillery ... where the citizens of our town have pridefully made Tennessee Whiskey since 1866.

We don't know if living at such a leisurely pace helps us make a smoother product. But after your first sip of Jack Daniel's, we think you'll agree it isn't doing any harm.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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Cocktail

A few years ago, my mate Rick and I were working in a nightclub as a barmen. Most of the bar's customers were secretaries and "suits" from the surrounding office blocks. Occasionally Rick or I would pick up a girl. But it was difficult because the owner would wait around till we had cleaned up — the flame goes out when all the lights go on. Then it changed overnight because the owner gave us the key.

Of all the experiences that happened over the next two years, one stands out above the rest. It's one I shall recount to you now.

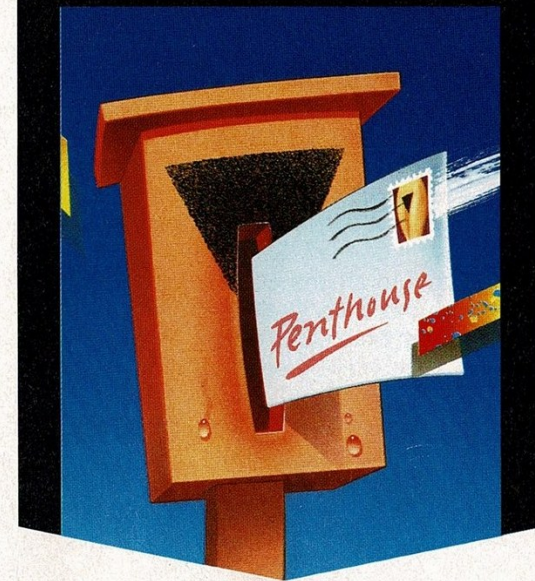
There were two girls who came in regularly — let's call them Sam and Rhonda. I invited both of them back for "staffies" (staff drinks) and they agreed. Rhonda wasn't your classic beauty; she didn't have a perfect arse, perfect tits and long silken hair, yet she exuded sex — wild, hard, passionate sex. Sam on the other hand, was very cute and aloof. As I approached Rick to tell him about Sam and Rhonda, I could see a look of anticipation in his eyes. I started to speak but he cut me off. "There's two women over there who want to stay back."

"I know," I said pointing towards Sam and Rhonda.

"No," he said pointing towards two older women dancing on the dance floor. We had a dilemma, but what a nice dilemma to have.

You must understand, seduction is made a lot easier with a nightclub at your disposal. What I mean is, when it's 3am, and the girls are little pissed and comfortable in the environment; when there's an abundance of alcohol and loud music with a private dance floor, the ambience is conducive to seduction.

Anyway, we shut the nightclub and brought the four girls to the bar. Introductions were made and cocktails served. Neither Rick nor I knew what should be done, or indeed if anything should be done at all. So we chatted and kept serving potent cocktails. After Kerry produced a large phial of coke, the conversation really began to flow. Rick took a bottle of amyl out of the fridge and



forum

passed it to those who wanted it.

Kerry, the most extroverted of the older girls, took the post-mix gun (it's the device out of which comes the cola, lemonade, soda, etc) and began to spray both Rick and myself. I took the other gun and retaliated. The girls scattered. Rick grabbed a bottle of champagne (Bollinger, of course) shook it, and began to chase Kerry and Cheryl around the club. Everyone was having a genuinely wild, funny time. Eventually I cornered Sam and sprayed her with the post-mix. As she wriggled to escape my well-aimed squirts I began to see the shape of her delicious body as the wet material clung to her. I felt a cold sensation shoot down my back. I turned around to see a look of unadulterated lust in Rhonda's eyes.

"It's Baileys and milk. I'll lick it off if you like," she said, undoing my shirt. It was a tense moment. Rhonda began passionately licking the Baileys off my neck. Sam began to walk away until I grabbed her hand and gently pulled her back towards me. She reluctantly met my mouth. Her lips tasted of the Midori cocktail I had made her earlier, so I moved towards her neck. It tasted sweet after her dousing in soft drink. This girl was a living cocktail. I began to nuzzle towards her breasts to see what flavor I would find there. Meanwhile, Rhonda was fumbling with my belt. I felt her long fingernails

searching in my underpants for my cock, yet I dared not break my lip-lock with Sam in case she got cold feet. I kept thinking, oh God, please don't let this stop.

I suppressed a moan when I felt the beautiful sensation of a warm mouth engulfing my cock. When Rhonda's tongue moved down the side of my cock and swallowed my balls I couldn't help it, I moaned. Sam broke from the kiss and looked down to see her best friend with a mouth full of cock. Action was called for, or else Sam would have departed. I grabbed a bottle of Malibu and poured the entire contents down the front of my chest and Sam's front. Rhonda's rhythm on my cock increased when she tasted the Malibu. I undid the front of Sam's dress,

exposing her beautiful breasts, and tongued my way down toward the top of her soaked white panties. Rhonda stopped sucking my cock, stood up and undressed. I pulled Sam's panties down and began to run my tongue along her slit. She moaned loudly and opened her legs, so I plunged my tongue into her Malibu-soaked pussy.

After a minute, I manoeuvred Sam on to the bar and rid myself of my clothes. Rhonda was holding the head of my cock against Sam's pussy and rubbing it up and down Sam's slit when Rick walked into the bar behind us a raging hard-on. He smiled and set about collecting bottles of Cointreau and Baileys and Veuve Clicquot.

"Kerry's got some more coke if you want some," he said before departing with an armload of alcohol, two bottles of cream and a punnet of strawberries. This just looked to good to miss out on. The coke seemed to motivate all of us to go around to the dance floor. The three of us, all stark naked, marched around the corner. Before us was an incredible sight.

Under the multicolored neon lights were Kerry, Cheryl and Rick. Kerry was on all fours snorting a huge line of coke off the floor. I couldn't understand why their bodies glistened. Then I saw Rick pouring Baileys down the crack of Kerry's arse and realised they had all been doused in

forum

Cointreau. Cheryl, who had the most perfect, firm breasts I had ever seen, was smearing a strawberry up and down Rick's solid cock, then swallowing both together. Kerry wriggled slightly as the Baileys trickled down along the slit of her pussy. Rick stopped, took a swig of Baileys, stuck the amyl to his nose, inhaled deeply, then opened his arms to us and said: "Join us."

Kerry proffered the straw to Rhonda who greedily went down on all fours. Sam crawled up next to Rhonda and waited her turn. From behind was an incredible sight: three very nice arses all stuck skyward. I picked up the Cointreau, the Baileys and cream (the constituents of an Orgasm) and poured them freely over the girls' beautiful backsides. As each girl had a line I gave them a tongue lashing. Then I knelt behind Sam and eased my cock in.

Our well-oiled bodies slapped together as I pounded into this beautifully shaped behind. Cheryl moved over to us and poured some cold cream over Sam's back then began to slowly lick it off. I removed my cock from Sam's pussy and offered it to Cheryl's mouth. She coated my dick in the chilly, white cream and began to lick the head, then slowly lick down the shaft. She stopped at the top,

positioned her mouth and plunged down to the base. The sensation caused my body to tense in pleasure. Like come, the excess cream dribbled down her chin on to her stomach. In fear of orgasm, I moved back to Sam's pussy. Kerry leaned over and began to suck Rick's nipples after coating them in champagne. I swigged on the Bollinger and snorted more amyl.

I really couldn't believe this was happening. I saw Rick buckle up with pleasure and pull his cock out of Rhonda as a huge wad of come shot skyward. Kerry bent down and swallowed Rick's cock as it erupted. Feeling brave, I told Sam to turn around and suck my cock. Cheryl and Sam started to devour my cock from both sides. I held on as both girls took turns gently sucking and stroking my cock. After a few minutes, I could take no more. Sam's angelic face, covered in cream, alcohol and sweat, and with mouth full of cock was simply too much. With a grunt, and to the cheers of Kerry, Rhonda and Rick, I came in Sam's mouth.

Like six decadent snakes, we slithered over each other until morning. The next day, or I should say later that morning, Rick and I had to clean up and buy the alcohol we had "used." Although it cost us nearly a \$1000 to make our human cocktail, I don't regret it, because it was the tastiest I one I have ever made. — *Name and address withheld*



"Can I have the lighter after you...?"

Car capers

After a messy divorce which left me emotionally shagged out, I decided to move interstate to get away from it all. But at 39 years old it's difficult to mesh into a new city. I also work long hours and spend a lot of my spare time training for triathlons. Consequently, it's been a very dry 18 months, sexually speaking. Then, last week, things started to look up.

After arriving back from an early morning bike ride, I showered and sprawled out on the back steps of my flat. I wasn't too concerned about my nudity as I thought everyone else in the building had gone away for the long weekend.

I was leaning back, eyes closed, soaking up the sun and generally letting my body recover from the exertion of the bike ride, when suddenly I heard a soft female voice beside me say: "Do you always sunbake like this?"

Startled, I opened my eyes to find Meg, who lived in one of the flats, sitting next to me. She was dressed in pyjamas and not at all fussed by my nakedness. I'd met her once before when I'd first moved in. She was a 24-year-old nurse with dark brown hair, round face, hazel eyes, angelic smile and a nice firm figure. And there she was, sitting right next to me.

She explained that she'd gone to get something from her car and had locked herself out, so she'd come around to climb in through the back window. And there she'd stumbled across me, enjoying the sunshine.

She settled on the step next to me, and we chatted for a while. I noticed that her eyes kept slipping to my cock, which was half-hard. My own eyes were taking in her big, firm breasts and her nipples, which were showing through the cloth of her top. She must have read my mind because suddenly she smiled and said: "It's getting too hot to stay out here with these on." She peeled her pyjama top over her body, freeing her fantastic breasts as she did so. My cock got a little harder.

It got a lot harder when she started to trail her fingers up the inside of my thighs. She would stop just short of my balls, teasing me with her hands and her eyes.

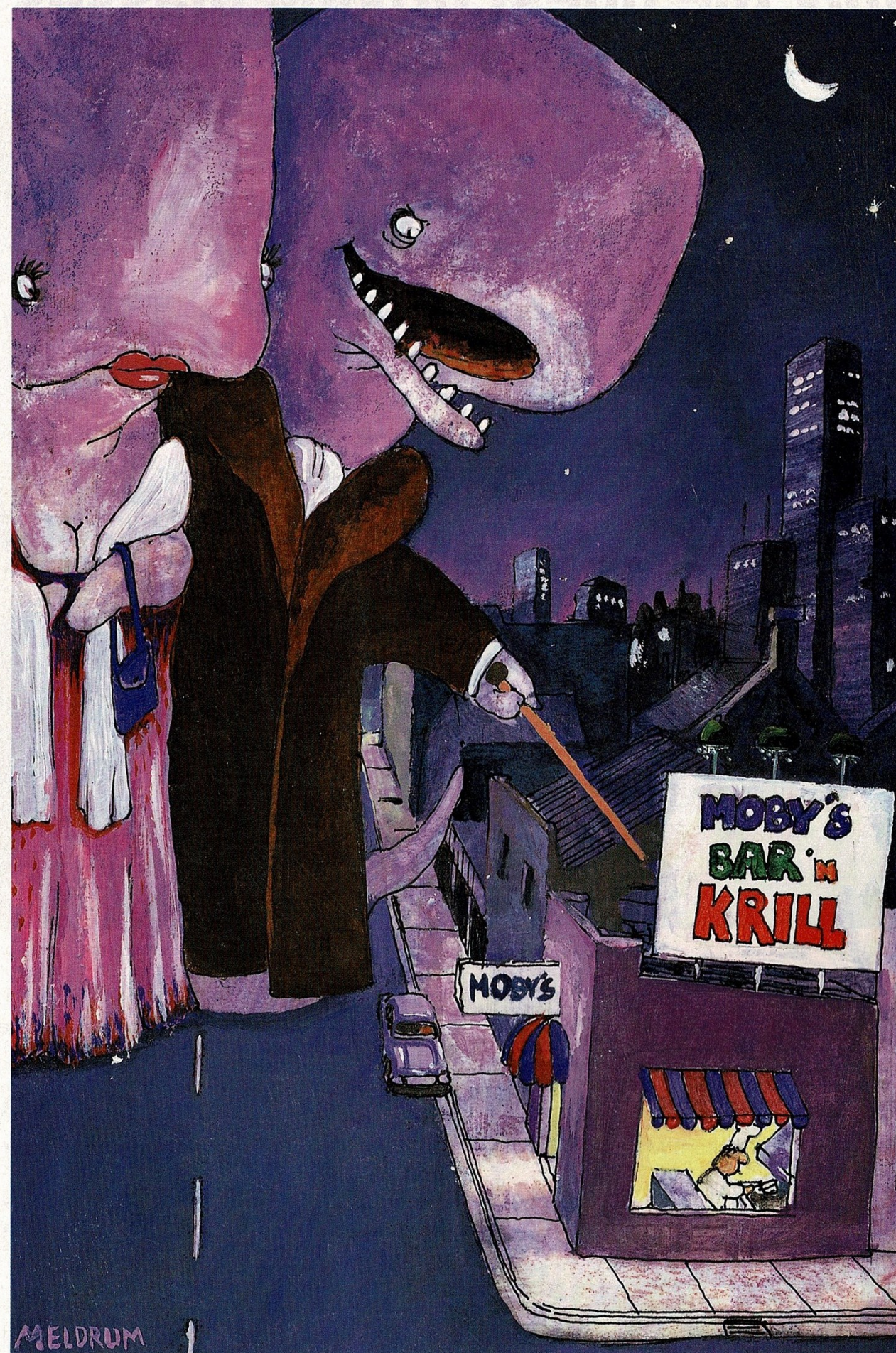
"I'm in heaven, even if nothing else happens," I said as ran my fingers lightly up her stomach, around her breasts and out over her nipples.

"Why?" she asked.

I pointed out to her that we could be seen by anyone walking down the lane. And that this was a fantasy of mine. Meg smiled, and confessed that she enjoyed the risk of being seen naked and aroused. But her very favorite fantasy was to be fucked in public on the bonnet of a car.

I made a mental note of that while I caressed her breasts and slowly licked her nipples. Her breathing became erratic and she held my face to her breast,

Continued on page 120



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S E X
F R O N T

SPRINGING THE TRAP

A modern man's guide to morning-after escapes

We'd better make this quick. There is no time. The past is closing in. The voices of unknown women purr out of the answering machine in clever hybrid tones of lover and debt collector. Sinister letters soaked in YSL Opium arrive in the mail demanding explanations and reconciliations. Out-of-season Valentine cards with lipstick kiss signatures turn up on the kitchen table. Angry husbands and brothers land on the doorstep at ill-mannered hours of the day.

Such is the modern bloke's dilemma. This is the Nineties and all that free love crap of 20-odd years ago is now but a glint in an old bloke's eye. There is nothing free about love or sex for the contemporary guy. Times have changed and the one-night stand is no longer acceptable to the happening woman of today. The once-handy remark of "I'll catch you round the traps" no longer cuts it. Blunt honesty is out, too, and can get the innocent male lover into a whole lot of shit.

The bedroom is now a woman's world. Nineties women must be lied to for many tedious hours in order to get them into the sack. They then demand instant and expert

woman's bed, red-eyed as the sun comes up, there is one thought on his mind that dominates all others: escape.

This syndrome is now so well known that female magazines devote whole articles to why it happens. Medico/scientific experts attempt to explain why *Arabian Nights* can turn to *Escape From*

casual woman lover. As she warms to the idea of morning sex, the modern man must bury his ego, sniff his armpits and remark on the need for a quick shower.

Since women always agree to this, the trapped man can now display his gallantry by insisting that she take the first shower. As soon as that shower starts



**"Never let the
girl undress
you, and leave
all your clothes
by the door. . ."**

foreplay, an encyclopaedic knowledge of their bodies, followed by a coital frenzy that would do a mental jack rabbit proud. The modern bloke has needs, too. When he awakes in a strange

Zenda faster than a horny bloke can say: "I love you." Women can ask "Why?" until Ayers Rock dissolves in the rain, but what the modern man really wants to know is "How?"

The most popular morning-after escape method is The Shower. Any sexually active renaissance man over the age of 18 knows about this route to freedom and can attest to it's effectiveness. To implement this form of escape properly, it is important to maintain a friendly but sexually interested facade to the

running, and the tone changes to indicate a human is standing under it, the contemporary guy is airborne from the bed and changing faster than a politician's promise. The Y-fronts may be back to front, the silk shirt is most probably inside-out and there is now loose change covering the bedroom floor, but sunshine never felt so good.

Unfortunately, this method is so clumsily over-used by men with no class that many women are now wise to it. The female makes a point of tossing the bloke a towel and

Illustration by Dranos Zak

telling him to take a shower, regardless of how foul she may smell herself. This woman is cunning. She knows about The Shower and by the time the renaissance guy walks from the bathroom she has assembled flatmates, brothers, mothers or fathers and has a feed going on the stove.

If confronted with family, the



escape artist is fucked. The gorilla-like brother and the silent father are obviously escape artists themselves, but in the twilight world of morning-after politics, they will make things near impossible. Brothers and fathers must be handled with the greatest delicacy. Conversation should be light, the smile relaxed and the eyes must literally scream: "I'm not that kind of guy." Sudden dentist appointments should not be held as an escape route in these situations, and physically fleeing the joint could result in a scene that lacks dignity.

Flatmates are easier to handle as long as they're not female. If the bacon and eggs are already cooking, the modern bloke can use the Shop Trick to good effect. When the flatmate's not looking, fling the bread into the rubbish bin. It's then a simple case of opening the fridge in front of the flatmate and exclaiming that there is no bread for

the toast. This escape is a gimme unless the house is next door to the shop, in which case questions may be asked as to why the modern man is looking for his car keys. Women flatmates won't buy the Shop Trick. They either know where another loaf of bread is hiding or they insist on coming to the shop with the morning-after man to "get some things."

golden rule of one-night stands; never let the girl undress you, and leave all clothes in a single pile by the door.

Even the prudent man who has his clothes ready at the door is not in the clear yet. Murphy's Law dictates that the girl's father is an early riser. Mothers are not a problem. Women over the age of 38 generally find the ratbag bed-hopper a source of amusement. But Dad misses the humor of the situation. He doesn't see a well-adjusted young man who respects

"This move will backfire as soon as the dog starts barking. ."

women and their opinions. He sees a mad-eyed, disease-ridden rogue with more lines than a bar code who seduced his daughter with lies and will boast about it at the pub. This situation can lead to the most distasteful of all runner-type escapes: the window. This is for people who lack any self-respect and will backfire when the dog starts barking.

The Ultimate Runner is performed by the bloke who was stupid enough to have brought the girl back to his own bed. Keeping a one-night-stand out of the inner sanctum is a cornerstone of rooter lore. The bloke dumb enough to fall into this trap finds himself having to escape from his own house. The accepted method is to mumble something about going to the shop and head out for the rest of the day. Tacky but effective.

For the inexperienced bloke who wants to fuck around, these are the basics rules for the one-night-stand. There are more, but it's up to you to nut out your own system. — Mark Abernethy



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Nightrider

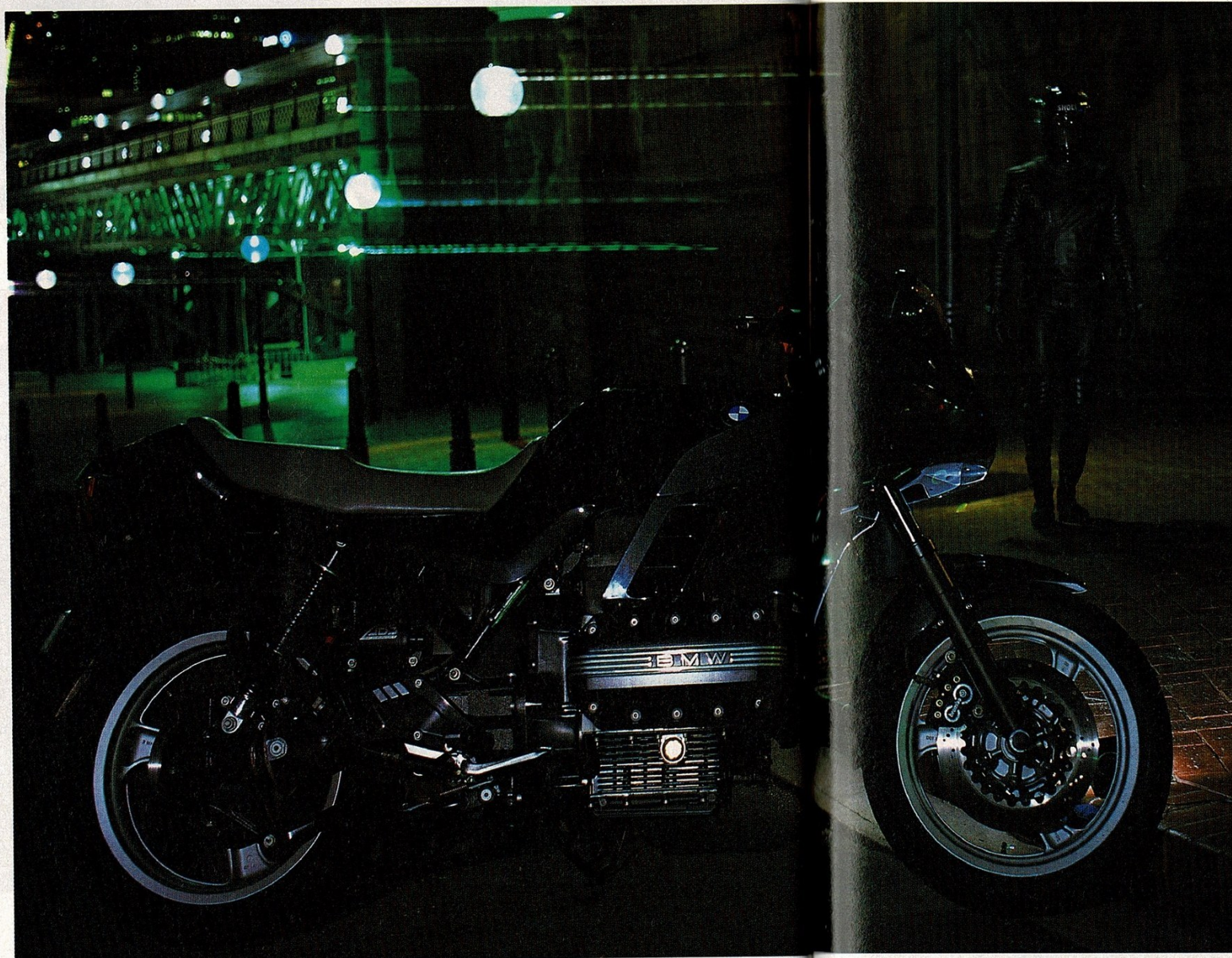
Bike power gets down to business



When you've got serious business to handle, you need to be properly equipped. In this case serious business means getting from A, present location, departure point, the place you need to be gone from — to B, the target, safe arrival, mission accomplished, the place you need to be.

Between A and B is the workplace, where challenges, obstacles and enemies lie in wait. Obstinate, slow-moving traffic has to be sliced through with accuracy and precision. Long stretches of tarmac have to be blasted away without being left hungry for power when fast-moving headlights appear in the rear-view mirrors.

Specifying the equipment for this sort of work means starting with a vehicle that is lean and carries no more baggage than absolutely necessary. This rules out a four-wheeler. Efficiency demands that you don't cart around empty seats and carry extra width and bulk that



limit agility, acceleration and vision. Only a motorcycle will do.

Tightening up the spec means plenty of engine power, but muscle-bound sprinters are out because they won't make the transition to the cover of night and rain, or to broken black-top or long distances without having to be backed off. And the gear you ride in needs to be close fitting, tough and weatherproof. No fancy stripes and designer labels — just straightforward, functional, high-quality gear that does the job.

Sound like you're equipping yourself for military work? Well not quite. Imagine that you're doing a courier run for MI5 in the bad old days when the Iron Curtain was still

bulletproof. Okay, it's a game, but who cares what sort of fantasy you dream up to get you through the traffic? Life is straightjacketed enough without having to buy into convention when you're travelling as well.

So you've been summoned to pre-Glasnost East Berlin by your old friend and MI5 field agent Bernard Samson. You are waiting for his call to courier an urgent microfilm back to London Central. There is an unknown double-agent working in the Berlin office, so that route is unsafe. The only way out is down one of the autobahn corridors through the DDR.

When you get the call, the

equipment you will need is already on hand. One BMW K100RS 16-valve, dark grey, with anti-lock braking system (ABS); one pair Rivet bib-and-brace leathers, black; one pair Rivet gauntlets, black; one pair Rivet boots, black; one Rivet motorcycle jacket, black; one Shoei X-8 Aero-Silence full-face helmet, black.

The RS 16 is the ideal mount. Its four-cylinder, fuel-injected 1000cc engine lies flat, slung under the frame. It pushes 100 bhp straight to the back wheel through a shaft drive. The four exhaust pipes thread back to a single, well-muffled tail-pipe which, combined with water-cooled cylinder heads,

keeps engine noise down to a minimum.

The riding position allows you to keep your head up through the traffic but to tuck forward for speed on the open road. A racer's crouch would limit visibility and induce strength-sapping discomfort after a couple of hours on the road.

The moulded bodywork and integral front fairing are designed to take the wind-blast off you and stabilise the bike at high speed. At a top speed of over 200 km/h you want the bike to slice the air cleanly so that you can concentrate on aiming it down the road. The *volkspolizei* won't be setting any speed traps because there are no speed limits on autobahns.

The anti-lock braking system is an essential option. There is always rain about in this part of the world and the legions of puffing Trabants have a nasty habit of dumping oil on critical points on the roadway. Better to let a computer handle any panic stops, because there'll be enough other things to worry about.

“Just imagine you're doing a courier run for MI5 . . .”

The bike will need to be matched with decent riding gear. Rivet leathers will do the trick. The bib-and-brace style pants allow plenty of stretch but still keep the air-blast off your kidneys. The jacket zips to the pants at the back. Leathers are one of the few bits of good motorcycle gear that you can get Australian-made.

The last item on the list is the helmet. The Shoei X-8 is designed to cut wind noise at high speed and all its parts, including the shield, sit flush with the shell to minimise drag. It's light for a full-face helmet, which is important when you have to wear it for long periods. The maker promises good anti-fogging and a

perspiration-absorbent lining.

Right, there's the signal you've been waiting for. Time to fire the bike up. Put the key in the ignition. The key-top swivels to sit flush with the instrument panel. Cute, that. The panel lights up with all the important control colors. Hit the starter button. Nothing. A useless grind from the starter motor! Okay, you remember now, the bike won't start with the side-stand down. That's one up to you Mr BMW, but I suppose it's less embarrassing than being pitchpoled over the side-stand on the first left-hander through a minor oversight.

Side-stand up. That's better, you can hear the electric fuel pump whirring now to prime the system. Hit the starter button and the engine snaps into life. The bike feels heavy at rest but as soon as you let out the clutch and wind out in first gear, it lightens up like a boxer taking his stance.

Second gear, then third, moves you into pace with the four-wheeled parade. The gearshift needs a good, positive shove to put it in place and it takes a little while to synchronise the quick-revving motor with each shift. But it's not long before you've got all the controls working smoothly and with the right sort of precision to pilot the machine smartly through the gaps in the traffic.

The entry to the autobahn is easily spotted as the first few drops of light drizzle begin to play in the headlight beam. Time to exercise the right wrist and squeeze the throttle out to an easy-cruising 140 km/h. A quick glance at the mirrors confirms that a lumbering Wartburg has followed you on to the autobahn. It's not even worth a downshift in the gears to blow him off. Just twist on a bit more throttle — you've got another 80 km/h to play with before the bike starts to hit its upper limits. Then, with the opposition left standing, with the tarmac blurring out beneath you and the road-lines whipping past like bullets, you can get down to some serious travelling.

After all, the fate of the free world depends on you. — Onno van Ewyk

TECHNO SHOCK

In Japan the electronic gadgetry is way over the top

The urinal sort of, ah, locked on to me. It registered my presence before its pristine porcelain surface and flushed (rather than blushed) as I stepped away. The nearby wash basin, similarly bereft of handles, buttons or plungers, also gushed forth liquidly as soon as it sensed my proximity. In a society where every delight and necessity could once be accomplished by the touch of a button, even the touch component has been removed.

All this took place in the toilet of the private bar in Tokyo's Seiyo Ginza Hotel; up in my room the technology was even more dazzling. It wasn't just the remote-control drapes, the twin video players or lighting possibly designed by Ellis D. Fog. No, it was the bathroom which could have been an exhibit at a space-age trade fair. The television on-a-swivel with a remote control in the shape of a powder puff compact placed just near the toilet seat was a useful diversion, though I had encountered it before.

What I hadn't been expecting was a device to defeat the bane of every traveller's existence — showers which either scald or snap-freeze. I've hurled myself in shock and pain from many a glass

cubicle after failing to fine-tune the two taps before the needles of spray struck my defenceless flesh. The Seiyo Ginza had it all solved, in the form of a graduated visual display thermostat. Just set the dial to 40 degrees and step under the nozzle with complete confidence.

Japan is one giant theme park and the theme is Japan. The country has one foot in the 16th century and the other in the 22nd. The gadgetry, the sheer electronic wizardry can be truly overwhelming. Basically, the country works like a Swiss (no, make that Japanese) watch. With almost childlike glee, Nipponese inventors seem to have met every practical need of the population (to say nothing of a great many impractical needs).

It doesn't take microchips to put the brail indentations I found on the feeder paths from Sendai railway station, nor the magnifying glass dangling beside pristine telephone books in public booths. But it does take a certain kind of population to keep them there. In a country where vandalism is absolutely inconceivable, it is possible to have banks of functioning vending machines operating around the clock in darkened laneways of major cities. Vending machines which contain cans of beer, bottles

of whisky, packets of batteries, tins of hot coffee or cold melon juice, *manga* (comics) and all manner of foodstuffs.

Tokyo commuters use weekly train tickets just like the poor wretches in Australia. They carry them in wallets in back pockets, in handbags and at the bottom of

“Sensor beams find and read the ticket wherever it is carried. . .”

shopping bags. These days they also leave them there as they proceed through the barricades. Sensor beams not only find and read the ticket wherever they are carried, they actually deduct value from them!

It is within the Japanese railway system that the full scope of advanced consumer technology becomes evident. It was in a rail carriage that I found out about the assassination of Rajiv Gandhi. I wasn't looking over the shoulder of a newspaper reader, but gazing up at a digital display screen which provided reasonably up-to-date news headlines. On the *Shinkansen* (Bullet Train) those same screens advise such details as the name of the next stop and the distance to it, along with the temperature, weather summary and cheery greetings.

If it saves time, they invent it; if it breaks down, they fix it; if it amuses them, they play with it. They build monorails to soar over crowded city streets and escalators that only function when somebody walks on to them. Junkies and malcontents don't destroy that which serves them and the politics of envy seem to be blessedly absent. Until you dig a bit deeper into social mores, it all gives off a utopian aura. —

Glenn A. Baker



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TWO BELOW PAR

Craig Parry and Brett Ogle are rising stars on the golf circuit



They are the twins of Australian golf. One is short and stocky, the other tall, lean and a streak of a hitter. Popeye and Bugs. Two young Aussies whom everybody stops talking about and starts watching when they walk on to the golf course.

They are Craig Parry and Brett Ogle, the leaders of the Australian pack.

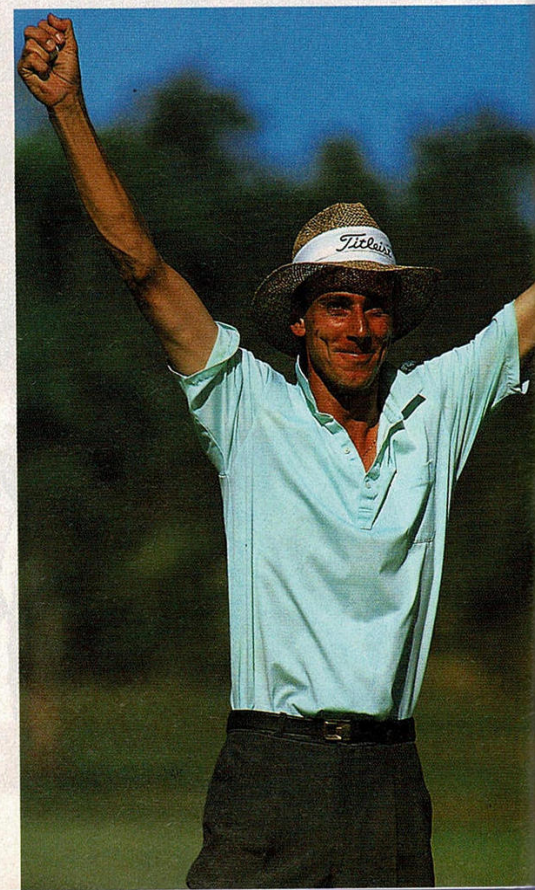
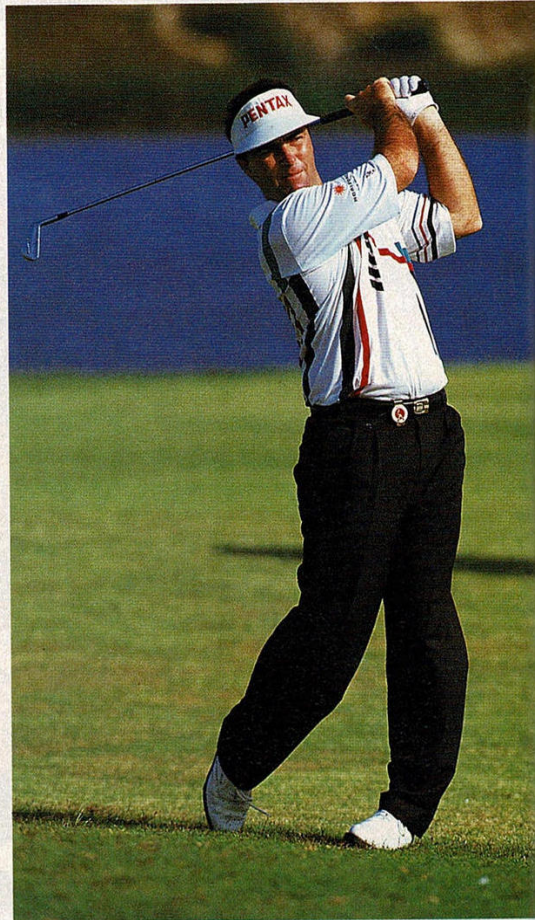
Golf in Australia has soared in the past few years. It can't all be the Great White Shark, but Greg Norman has certainly made a big difference to the self-esteem and confidence of the younger Aussies. His huge, magnetic presence attracts crowds, media, sponsors and excitement in about equal

measures.

Do our two young lions need their egos boosted even further? Unlikely. They already carry around their self-worth like a measuring stick. They know they are going to make it. They will do things.

There have been tastes already. Parry won \$750,000 alone in Europe in 1991, and more than a million world-wide. Not bad for a 26-year-old bloke who had to save dough just before the 1987 NSW Open. Then, he slept in his fourth-hand Holden station-wagon for a few nights. Now it's more likely to be the Regent.

In 1991 he won the Italian Open by a stroke from Nick Faldo; the Scottish Open by a distance from



Faldo, McNulty, Ballesteros and Olazabal. He's there already, just off the top.

And Ogle? He's the reigning Australian PGA Champion, the bloke everybody says has got the goods. Wayne Grady, a former US PGA champ says: "Ogle has the most natural talent of all the Australians." And why not? He keeps on playing the most

distinguished by a trademark big hat and a grin that consumes his face. He knows he's challenged everywhere for the honors, finishing second here, fourth there. He knows he probably lets himself down with his temperament.

"We're doing something about that," notes his wife, Maggie. Brett responds defensively that his

Still, maybe that's the way he copes. Everybody remembers him lying on the fairway writhing in pain after drilling a ball; first into a tree, and then, on rebound, into his knee during the 1990 Australian Open. Something broke and it cost him a lot of time last year. But not determination. And he's back, after a lot of work.

Can these boys win a major soon? If all tournament golf is tough, majors are different again. The fields are loaded with the greats. The courses are deliberately testing. The pressure is immense.

You have to be a good golfer to be able to make the shots, and to make them at the right time and right place. You also have to be lucky. Look at Greg Norman. He's only won one — the 1980 British Open. He was robbed of a couple of others.

So can the boys win soon? "Yep," nods Ogle. Parry thinks so, but won't say. But he's more likely to snatch one of those majors, the British Open, the US Open, Masters or PGA, right now. He's been where it counts, felt the fear, knows what he has to deal with.

Parry projects confidence as he moves. He seems to have taken everyone's measure, and he takes everything in his stride. Ogle is more flighty, surrounded by a bubble of optimism.

Grady, from his now-lofty vantage point, says they should relax: "Look, they're both only 25 or 26 and they're both helluva good golf players already. And in this game no-one expects anything of you until your late twenties and early thirties. They've obviously got a way to go yet."

"I'll take whatever I can get," says Ogle, delighted at his own cheek. "I'm not greedy. Although the British Open is the most likely."

Usually winning a major is a dream, not an expectation. But Ogle and Parry are out there riding the Aussie golf wave that's hitting the world. And that's why they're different. They've got an inner confidence, a certainty of victory. And soon. — Richard McKinnon

"Actually if you put the two together they'd be unbeatable..."

mental toughness is soaring. But his colleagues think he needs to work on his calm and control.

It's the reverse for Parry. Grady knows the lad can think. "He's got the best head of any of the Australians." He pauses. "Actually, put the two together and they'd be unbeatable."

Ogle knows Parry doesn't let too much show. "His personality is quite different to me," he observes. Parry gets the "Popeye" nickname from his muscled forearms; he can and does belt a ball and tends to work his way around a course rather than confront it. He keeps a pretty tight reign on everything.

They both did well in Europe last year, Parry superbly. "It's really disappointing that over the last four years I haven't won here or played here as well as away," he says. "I mean, you really want to show your home galleries what you are capable of."

What Parry is capable of is discipline, placement, intelligence, maturity. He's got a tough, no-nonsense approach. He's self-possessed and wants to win like hell. He's not unpleasant on the golf course, just focused and thoughtful. Maybe he'll have the odd joke on the way round.

Ogle, in contrast, talks and chats.

outrageous shots — from any position, in any tournament, any time.

That hasn't won him the silverware too often — just eight times. "But I'm a happy person. I hope the public see me as a happy-go-lucky kind of guy out there having fun as well as anything else." His body is a straight line



BUSINESS BY BLUEPRINT

Franchising lowers the risks of going it alone

I was wrong about franchising. Franchisees can and do make money; and not all franchisors are get-rich-quick merchants. It is, in short, an idea that works.

Not that I'm about to buy a franchise. I've far too much ego to run a shop called "McPizza" or "M.D. Black" rather than "Big Dave's" or "Quicksilver's While U Wait." Which is why, when I do set up my own shop, I'll have a much bigger chance of going broke than a bloke who takes up a McDonalds franchise.

Banks, for example, not known for taking risks (not these days anyway), admit they are more likely to lend to a would-be franchisee than to a bloke straight in off the street with his own idea. This is because the franchisor can usually supply physical evidence of the earning power of the business and, if properly set up, has the management down pat so that all the franchisee has to do is put in his money and work.

A good franchise is built on a business that works. You may be able to buy into one "on the ground floor" — cheaply — and make your fortune, but that's pushing your luck

standards, the franchisor could kick you out. Some franchisors even have a set amount of money that you ought to be earning and, if you're not, then pack your bags.

Good franchises are not cheap. A rough rule of thumb, according to Damon Hall, a franchise lawyer with Spooner and Hall in Sydney, is for standard franchises to sell on a

makes a good pizza there; more likely it is that they go because they saw the ad on TV, not for Bill Smith's Pizza Hut at Shepparton but for all Pizza Huts, everywhere. (Sounds like a line from a General Macarthur speech: "These boys did not fight for themselves only, but they gave their valiant lives for all Pizza Huts, everywhere.")



"That puts you fair and square at the mercy of the franchisor..."

a bit. A franchisor who can point out a dozen different franchisees all busy making money hand over fist is a bloke who's taken most of the risk out of the business. If you think this makes it sound just like working for a living, you're right. It is.

You're your own boss but... Most franchisors have standard way of doing things with which the franchisee must comply. McDonalds, for example is exactly the same whether it's in Mexico or Melbourne. If you don't keep these

potential percentage of around eight. That is, after allowing for your own "wages" and bank interest, the total of the profits that you expect to earn in the next eight years is the cost of the franchise. Some of the better franchises, such as Cut-Price Deli or McDonalds, could have a percentage of ten or 12, meaning it would take that many years of profit to pay off. These, of course, are rough estimates but should be borne in mind.

Besides the initial fee, the franchisor usually charges a continuing annual fee of something between four and seven percent of turnover. As well, there's usually an additional advertising levy of about three percent. Rarely will this be spent directly advertising the franchisee's particular business.

The advertising levy usually goes towards the general advertising of the brand or the service. Still, that's part of the business. People don't go to Pizza Hut because Bill Smith

Franchises are sold on a lease arrangement, usually for five years with the franchisee having the option to go on for another five years under the existing arrangements with no renewal fee. After ten years, or however long the contract specifies, the contract will be renegotiated. At this point, if you've been a good franchisee, then the franchisor will no doubt renew the agreement with pleasure (although he'd be a bad businessman if he didn't screw a little more money out of you if there's the chance to do so).

But that puts you fair and square at the mercy of the honor and good sense of the franchisor, doesn't it? Obviously then, Damon Hall's basic advice to would-be franchisees — talk to as many as you can and in as much detail as you can — is very important. And don't just rely on the word of the franchisor or the franchisee from whom you may buy the franchise. — David Quicksilver

NOW THERE'S AN 8-INCH BATTERY POWERED GADGET THAT SATISFIES MEN.



Sega's new portable video game system is the ideal personal companion. With a backlit screen, full colour graphics, stereo sound and a huge range of game cartridges, Game Gear puts quality entertainment at your fingertips. Or anywhere else, for that matter, since Game Gear's compact, lightweight design makes it totally portable.

And with Sega's unique TV Tuner option, Game Gear transforms into a colour television. Best of all, you only have to touch its button once to turn it on.



SEGA
GAME GEAR
Serious Portable Fun

FRONT



It weighs just 230 grams and slips easily into a pocket, but Canon's Prima Twin 8 has an extensive armoury of features. These start with a choice of 38mm and 70mm lens settings linked to a new autofocus system which employs artificial intelligence to make it more goof-proof. There's also a pretty clever exposure system which fires the flash automatically in low light conditions. The dreaded red-eye effect is reduced by using a tiny lamp to bedazzle the subject just prior to the main flash. The price tag is \$249 or \$50 more for the version with a quartz-date back.

Panasonic's on-the-shelf SC-CH7 compact component hi-fi system combines style, flexibility and performance. The "building block" module design permits a variety of set-up configurations to suit the available space while the loudspeakers are ported to give a bigger sound. Panasonic even employs bi-wiring (something usually reserved for audiophile systems) so the high and low-range speaker components are separately powered to give better performance. The SC-CH7 system includes a CD player (with 20-track programming), twin cassette decks (with autoreverse and Dolby B/C noise reduction) plus a quartz synthesised AM/FM tuner which includes a timer.



Hi8 is the high-performance version of the 8mm video format and Sony has now packaged it into an ultra-compact Traveller series camcorder called the TR705. This miniature marvel weighs just 790 grams, but lacks nothing in terms of serious video-making facilities including an 8X power zoom, 1/10,000 second high-speed shutter and titling in a choice of eight colors. The high quality Hi8 images are complimented by a hi-fi stereo sound track while the basic recording and playback operations can be remotely controlled. For the jet-set, the TR705's in-built time/date recorder can be adjusted for any of the world's 24 time zones. Expect to pay about \$3000.



The high ambient noise levels inside a car means it isn't the most conducive place for listening to good sound. Through the wonders of digital signal processing (DSP), the in-car audio gear makers have come up with a convincing solution. Clarion's DSP 959E replicates eight venues (including a jazz club and open-air stadium) and has provisions for creating eight customised settings to give any desired ambience. It's also possible to dial in corrections for the acoustics of the different cars. All clever stuff. To make the most of DSP, at least four speakers and an outboard power supply are desirable.



Looking like RoboCop's little brother, the Philips AZ8490 is the latest reincarnation of the boom box, although it's essentially evolved into a mini hi-fi system. For starters there are three amplifiers driving a total of five built-in speakers (including a subwoofer) and delivering a hefty peak power output of 80 watts. The built-in CD player has intro scan, random play and repeat facilities while the dual cassette decks enable high-speed copying. The AZ8490 even has a remote control which oversees all key functions including volume levels. Oh yes, there's a radio, too. Hand over \$495 and you can carry one off.

Going straight is a good thing as far as the signal path inside a power amplifier is concerned, which is why Yamaha has gone to great lengths to keep everything simple inside the AX-550. Yamaha tags its circuitry ToP-ART (which stands for Total Purity Audio Reproduction Technology) and the idea is to reduce interference and obtain the purest output so all you hear is the music and not the machine. There are 95 watts per channel on tap and the AX-550 has two sets of speaker outputs plus six pairs of inputs. Remote control functions include volume setting and it's possible to record from one source while listening to another. Around \$700 buys the AX-550 from Yamaha Music Australia.

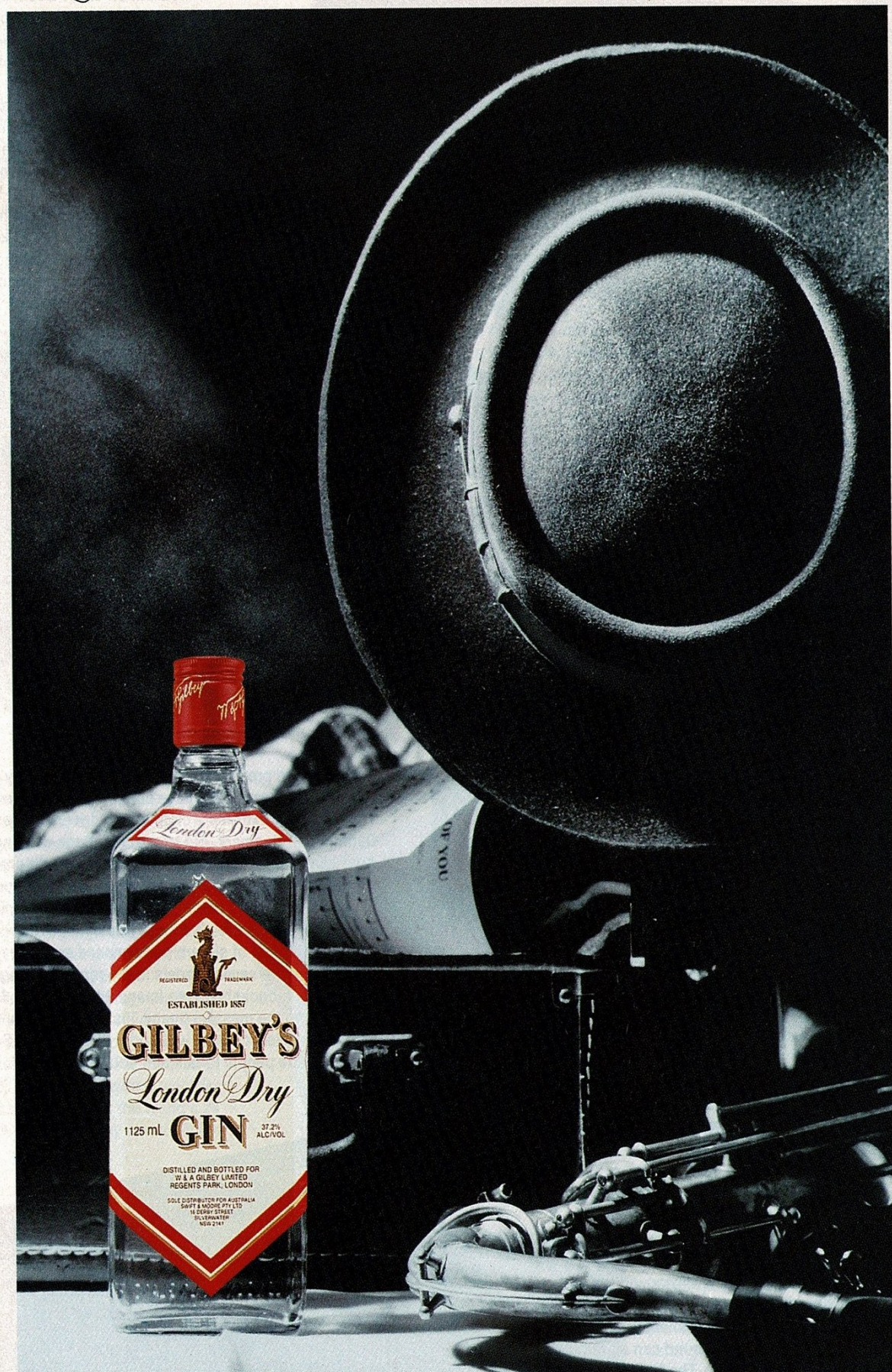


Scandinavian precision and Australian practicality combine in Dynaudio's Image series of loudspeakers. These employ extremely high quality drivers made by Dynaudio in Denmark, but to specifications demanded by Australia's comparatively harsh climatic conditions (so plastic rather than paper cones are used). The drivers are installed in cabinets hand crafted in South Australia while all the electronics are also locally designed. The result is a rare combination of superb performance at a very realistic price. There are seven models in the range starting with the compact, bookshelf-type Image 1 two-ways at \$690 and extending to the massive Image 10s four-way floor-standing models costing just under \$5000 a pair. Scan Audio are the people to talk to if you're interested.

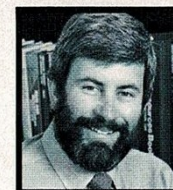
If your home videos need a bit of cleaning up, consider the Vivanco MXV 010 which is a neat little editing unit designed to put polish into your productions. You don't need to be a television producer to use the Vivanco, but it allows you to fade from scene to scene, add background music or sound effects or overdub a voice commentary. Levels controls are provided so the new sound can be faded in or out professionally. The MXV 010 also incorporates a video enhancer so you can sharpen up your image. The cost of this mini TV studio is just \$400 and more information is available from Merit Imports in Sydney.



Sax by Clemont Brown.



Gilbey's by choice.



Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

BEATING THE BLUES

Getting a handle on depression

Everybody feels a bit low from time to time. That's a part of the price you pay for being alive and normal. But if you get very depressed, or stay depressed for a long time, or your depression is interfering with your life, then it's a problem.

If your depression gets you feeling hopeless about the future, you may see suicide as the only way out of your misery. Then you have a risky problem. So, are you just feeling occasionally blue or are you depressed?

Try this checklist:

Do you feel sad, low or blue much of the time?

Are you doing much less than you used to?

Do you get on with people worse than you used to?

Do you feel guilty much of the time?

Do you doubt that life will ever improve?

Do you see your problems as too big to solve?

Are you having trouble sleeping?

Do you feel fatigued most of the time?

Have you lost your appetite? Or do you overeat?

Have you lost interest in sex?

Do you think of suicide?

The more times you answered "yes", the more likely it is you have a problem with depression.

This simple checklist is not a proper psychological test but it's a reasonable rough guide. If you scored high, keep reading.

The "experts" argue over whether there are different kinds of depression, with some supposedly caused by biological factors and therefore needing biological treatment. I'm not convinced by their evidence but, in any case, it is clear that most depression results from three possible causes, none of them biological.

First, you can get depressed because you lack rewards from life. A change in life circumstances, like losing your job or retiring, moving home, getting divorced or just getting older or falling into a rut can rob you of previous rewards.

A major difference between anxiety and depression is that anxiety is arousing, activating you to deal with a threat (even if the threat is imaginary or exaggerated). Depression involves a slowing down, a deactivation, resulting in lowering activity levels. This can become a spiral. Feel depressed, so don't do much, so don't get many rewards out of life, so feel more depressed, and so on.

Second, too much punishment from life, too many problems, or too many that are overwhelming, can make you depressed. This is

the depression you feel after a crisis experience such as being the victim of an assault or an accident. Right now a number of us feel some depression about the state of the economy and how it is affecting our lives.

Third, depression can result from unrealistically negative thinking of three kinds. Depressed people often do a lot of self-criticism and self-blaming. They often interpret situations in exaggeratedly negative ways. And they often have very negative expectations about the future.

Biological treatments of depression

Most badly depressed people will seek help from their medical doctor. Most doctors have not been taught about non-drug approaches to managing depression and do get bombarded

"Depression involves a slowing down, a lowering of activity levels. . ."

with advertising by drug companies. Most doctors naturally want to help their depressed patients, so unfortunately most of them will prescribe anti-depressant drugs.

Research by American psychiatrists (not psychologists) found that only 60 percent of depressed patients had their mood improved by these drugs. Of those, many had to stop taking the drugs because of the

unpleasant side-effects. Of those who were helped and were able to keep using the drugs, nearly all relapsed into serious depression again within 12 months of stopping the drugs.

In contrast, the same psychiatric researchers found that a psychological program got quicker results; did not have the problem of side-effects (so people did not drop out of treatment); and taught people how to deal with the causes of their depression (so they did not relapse after stopping treatment). As a psychologist myself, I am *not* simply anti-drug. Drugs have their beneficial uses, but I have to conclude that helping people manage depression is not one of them.

The other biological treatment for depression is ECT (or shock treatment). This involves giving an anaesthetised patient an electric shock to the brain. This procedure was discovered by accident in the search for a cure for schizophrenia and still does not have an adequate theoretical explanation.

Get moving constructively

The hardest part of tackling depression is reversing that downwards spiral. If you think your depression reflects a loss of rewards, gradually push yourself to increase your activity level, reviving old rewards or exploring new ones. If you think your depression reflects an overdose of problems, try to tackle them constructively, getting help if you need it and beginning with the most important. If you think your depression involves negative thinking, learn to think straight by testing your thoughts for irrationality and lack of evidence.

If you have been badly depressed once, the chances are you will be again. So make it your chance to learn how to manage depression successfully. 

BY DAVID SMIEDT

ILLUSTRATION BY HANS DE HAAS

One of Mark's earliest memories

of infancy was of himself running down the passageway of his parents' Newcastle home in tears. His unbalanced two-year-old legs carried him swiftly towards the room his mother was in. His wailing, high-pitched voice echoed through the corridor as he sobbed: "Mummy... Mummy, Mummy..." As he approached his mother he extended his hands towards her. Immediately she reached out to her distressed son. She cradled his little head in her hand for a moment — and then shoved his face down into her vagina. From the time Mark was two years old until he left home for boarding school at six, he was sexually abused by his mother. She inserted her fingers into his anus, sucked and rubbed his penis and forced him to perform cunnilingus on her. By the time Mark had left for boarding school, his mother had started to abuse Mark's younger brother in the same way.

Mark is a victim of incest, but he is by no means alone. An estimated one in four Australian families is affected by sexual abuse. What makes Mark's case rare is that as a victim of mother-son incest, he has chosen to speak out. Incest is a phenomenon regarded by many as the universal taboo. "There are two taboos: one is the act, the other is talking about it." However, anthropologically speaking, it is only mother-son incest that is forbidden throughout every culture and society in the world.

Mother-son incest is not a rare occurrence, but it has been virtually ignored as a result of the incest phenomenon being portrayed almost exclusively in terms of father-daughter. Latest figures supplied by the Child Abuse Prevention Service (CAPS) suggests that one in every seven Australian men has been sexually abused.

Up until the late Eighties and early Nineties, awareness of the sexual abuse of children was brought about, to a large extent, by the feminist movement. Consequently the dominant image of the sexually aggressive gender was male, the victims female. The attention served to highlight the problem, but many people feel it concentrated on women as the victims of incest and

mum's the word

**The universally
taboo act of mother-
son incest has a
shocking impact on
its male victims**



mum's the word

sexual abuse to the exclusion of men.

Tony Phiskie, social worker at the Newtown Community Centre in Sydney, runs a workshop for men who have been sexually abused. He says: "We have the women's movement to thank, because without them child sexual abuse would never have been raised. They brought the issue up, so, logically enough, funding has been diverted to focusing on women. We have yet to see the impact on men."

Statistics do indicate that women are more often the victims of sexual abuse than men. However, Dorothy Ginn, director of CAPS, says: "Despite the prevalence of women as incest victims, the incidence of mother-son incest is far more widespread than anticipated and it has only been beginning to surface in the past year. We know a lot about men as abusers, but the feminist influence that brought about the issues has blocked research into sexual abuse carried out by women."

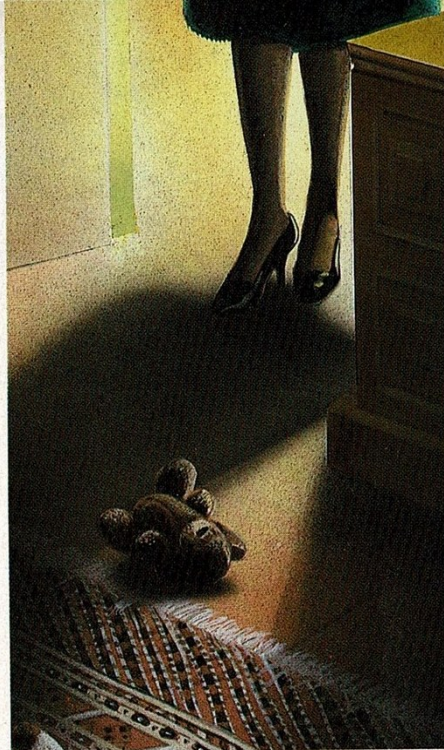
Mother-son incest is, as yet, widely unresearched and undocumented. It is not being reported, resolved or challenged by the widespread support network available to the victims of father-daughter incest (who undoubtedly share the pain, guilt, frustration and anger of their male counterparts). Dympna House, for example, is the leading incest counselling centre in NSW and it is government funded exclusively for the treatment of women.

Allan Tegg, who runs the Men's Development Centre in Sydney's Balmain, has established one of the facilities to help men (and women) to cope with sexual abuse. Tegg, himself a victim of mother-son incest, reacts strongly to the imbalance of counselling services: "People say the question of mother-son incest is not big enough to deal with," he argues, "but how can the authorities so readily dismiss the pain and suffering of thousands of men?"

Incest can occur in any family and can be committed by father, mother or siblings. It is a relationship born out of very human conditions. We all cling to images of being held, succoured, stroked and letting ourselves be dependant when life becomes to stressful. The mother figure is in many ways the embodiment of all these qualities.

Incest occurs primarily because we live in a society in which we instil in our children obedience to adult authority. Children are programmed to obey adults even when that adult demands or asks for sexual contact and even when the child feels uncomfortable with that activity.

Incest mothers often use persuasive rationalisation to put pressure on the boy. Many say "I'm doing this because I love you" or they convince themselves that



"For the rest of the child's life pleasure becomes synonymous with humiliation..."

what they are doing is the highest expression of love for their child. When these rationalisations come from the mother who also tells you to not touch a hot plate, to wear a jumper when it's cold and not to eat poisonous berries, it is extremely difficult for a child to contradict them. The boy is essentially a captive, relying entirely on his mother for his basic needs. When the mother forces a sexual relationship with the dependant boy, the boy will go along with it for fear of cutting off the lifeline to his basic needs.

The child is compelled to silence: he is often warned that disclosure will mean the end of his family on his account. More importantly, perhaps, the boy is getting pleasure out of the acts which his mother is performing on him and he does not want to let go of this pleasure, even though it's confusing and guilt-ridden. The abuse subsequently continues as there are two taboos involved here: one is the act, the other is talking about it.

Women who commit incest with their sons often come from chaotic backgrounds filled with emotional deprivation. Many of these women had, like Mark's mother, been sexually abused themselves. Despite having had the experience of carrying a baby inside them, giving birth, holding and feeding their children; despite the closeness that these things bring, these women often believe that the male must be serviced with sex for him to feel affection or love. All their lives, sex had been the only way of getting people's attention and affection and in the case of some incest mothers, this does not change. Other incest

mothers drift into incest as a result of over-affectionate doting.

Abusers do not come from any specific social background — there are no high-risk groups that perpetrate incest. It's also difficult to address, as it remains invisible to outsiders and sometimes even to members of the family. Adults who commit incest are not mentally disturbed, like psychotics or paedophiles; in fact the Seattle Sexual Assault Centre found a large sample of abusers to have a widely varying educational background which suggested no evidence of subnormal intelligence in the case of incest fathers. Although little research has been undertaken in the area, it would be hard to rationally argue otherwise in the case of incest mothers.

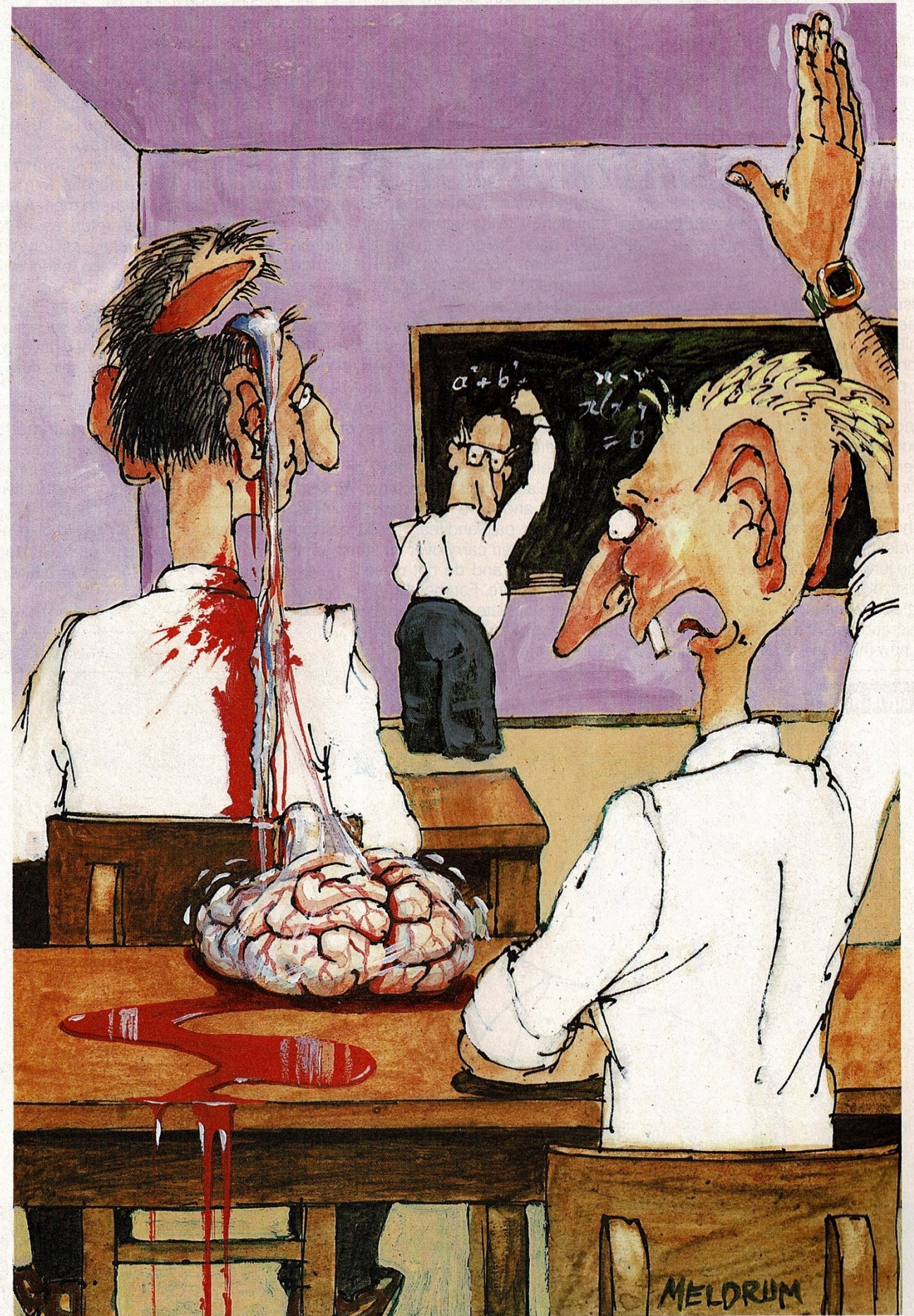
Incest is most often synonymous with intercourse or penetration. Other sexual or psycho-sexual activity tends to be taken less seriously. In court, admissible evidence from a child in an incest case can only be regarded as valid if it is supported by medical evidence. The only form of sexual activity which is medically detectable is penetration.

In the case of mother-son incest, the only form of penetration available for detection as evidence of abuse would be anal penetration. In other words, the acts of genital fondling, cunnilingus, fellatio, mutual masturbation and inappropriate kissing, which accounted for 52 percent of all reported abuse in a survey tabled in NSW by Dympna House Incest Counselling Centre, would not legally be deemed valid forms of child sexual abuse. Although many mother-son relationships do not progress this far, full intercourse would also not be traceable.

Often the abuse is psycho-sexual in that the mother combines a seductive manner with a high degree of possessiveness over her son. A mother will rarely actually have intercourse with her son, but she will fondle and kiss him inappropriately. She constantly implies by her manner that she will eventually give herself to him completely.

Dorothy Ginn reports a case where a mother gave her son a bubble bath and asked: "Would you like to touch me here or there?" while washing and fondling him. While she never had intercourse with her son, there was an intense degree of arousal involved. The boy feels good but he knows that it's forbidden so he feels guilty. For the rest of his life pleasure becomes synonymous with guilt and humiliation.

Like the incestuous father, some incestuous mothers will experience guilt and others will simply deny any wrongdoing or fault. CAPS reports one woman who often rings in to their support line telling them that she has sexually abused her son. Her voice is slurred by alcohol but Dorothy Ginn reports that she will ring up, filled with guilt and hard liquor, only to



"Sir . . . Fogarty's brain's loose again . . ."

mum's the word

say: "I've done it again." Regardless of the mother's reaction, the son is likely to be affected for life.

The effect that mother-son incest has on men is immense. Unlike rape, when a victim is free to hate the offender, the boy is still dependant on his mother to such an extent that the hatred can't be expressed or even emotionally encountered. The hatred is consequently internalised, only to surface as self-loathing and guilt that is often coupled with a desolate sense of isolation.

The short-term effects on the boy being abused are usually signs of extreme anxiety which arise partly from the humiliating, often physically painful acts which he has to perform with his mother, and partly from the millstone of secrecy which he bears.

Another immediate effect is social withdrawal, especially around the time of puberty. As Tim, another victim of mother-son incest asks: "How could I join in with my mates talking about feeling a girls' tits for the first time when I was going home and fucking my mother?"

The long-term consequences of being a victim of mother-son incest are as varied as they are intense. There is no direct cause-and-effect relationship operating with how the men are affected in later life.

Many factors contribute to the overall impact of the abuse: these include the nature of the incestuous relationship, the defence mechanisms adopted, the results of him speaking out or the psychological battle of never disclosing what happened. The duration of the abuse is crucial. Most studies indicate that the longer the duration, the more severe the effects. Mark was abused for three years, Tim was abused for five.

One of the hardest aspects for people to understand is the love that victims often feel along with the hatred for their abusers. Quite often the sex is extremely intimate and loving, which turns it into a strange combination of confusing affection and blatant violation.

Quite often the memories of incest are totally blotted out in the minds of the victims. Allan Tagg, who was abused anally, orally and genitally before he was five, had no memory of what had happened to him until his mother died, 30 years after the abuse began.

The effect that incest has on these men's relationships is also vast. As kids, intimacy and care were closely linked with abuse, pain and fear. These feelings of shame often carry over into their adult relationships and do not dissolve, even after disclosure. For men like Allan, Mark and Tim, intimate relationships come with an unspoken expectation of disappointment and abuse.

In a report compiled by Dymrna House in response to a telephone poll of incest victims, Judith Herman, author of a major study on the effects of incest, found that "most victims had little hope of attaining a rewarding relationship with anyone. Their experience had taught them that sex was a sure way of getting attention. The result was usually a series of brief but unsatisfying relationships."

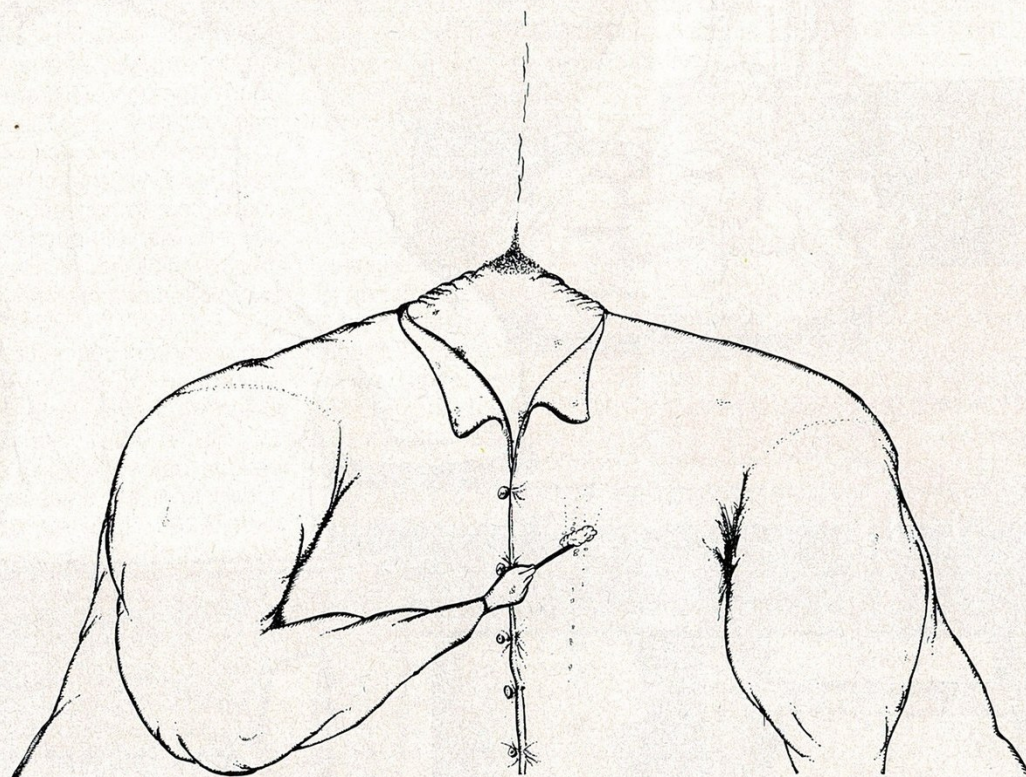
The boundaries by which we conduct our day-to-day interactions with people become blurred for these men. A friendly smile is often interpreted as a sexual invitation. Consequently, as Tony Phiske points out: "These men often end up imposing on others and being imposed on themselves. That is to say, they often are overly sexually active because they feel the only valid thing they have to offer is sex. If they don't offer sex, they don't feel appreciated."

In many of these men's relationships, intimacy becomes automatically sexualised. This is no wonder, considering Mark's outburst: "Every time I wanted a cuddle, I got a cunt." With many of these men able only to express closeness on a purely physical level, the emotional and spiritual foundations necessary for any successful relationship become lost.

Mark is now 34. He has been married

Continued on page 128

by **CHRIS NORRIS**



IN THE MORNING, CARL ALWAYS GOT THE COLGATE AND DENCORUB TUBES MIXED UP.

"If you drink too much you don't look clever, you just look small."

ANDREW GAZE

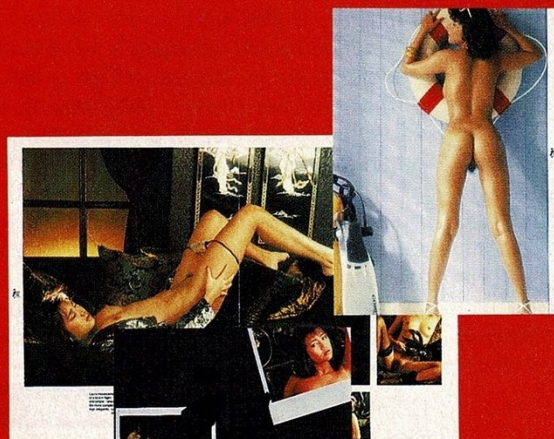


If you're drinking, keep thinking
MODERATION

—THE—
**ALCOHOL
INDUSTRY**

THE WILDEST SIDE OF THE EAST

裸 NUDE



CONTEMPORARY ORIENTAL
NUDE
IN PHOTOGRAPHY
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Contemporary Oriental Nude in Photography

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night moves



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JOHN HARROLL

Leeana, just 24, manages a very exclusive nightclub in the city. "I didn't get to where I am now by being shy. You have to make a stand for yourself, otherwise people will tread on you. And no-one walks over me," Leeana declares defiantly.





A feisty Leo, Leeana doesn't tolerate any cheek from her customers. "A lot of the men who come into the club try to come on to me. That's fair enough, I like to look around myself. But if someone gets too pushy, out they go." Business and pleasure do sometimes overlap, though. "Occasionally I see guys I like in the club, and, well," a devilish smile crosses Leeana's face, "I suppose you could call them a perk of the job."





K A N T O R' S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Maggie Tabberer

AWFUL ADS

HUMOR BY JEAN NORMAN

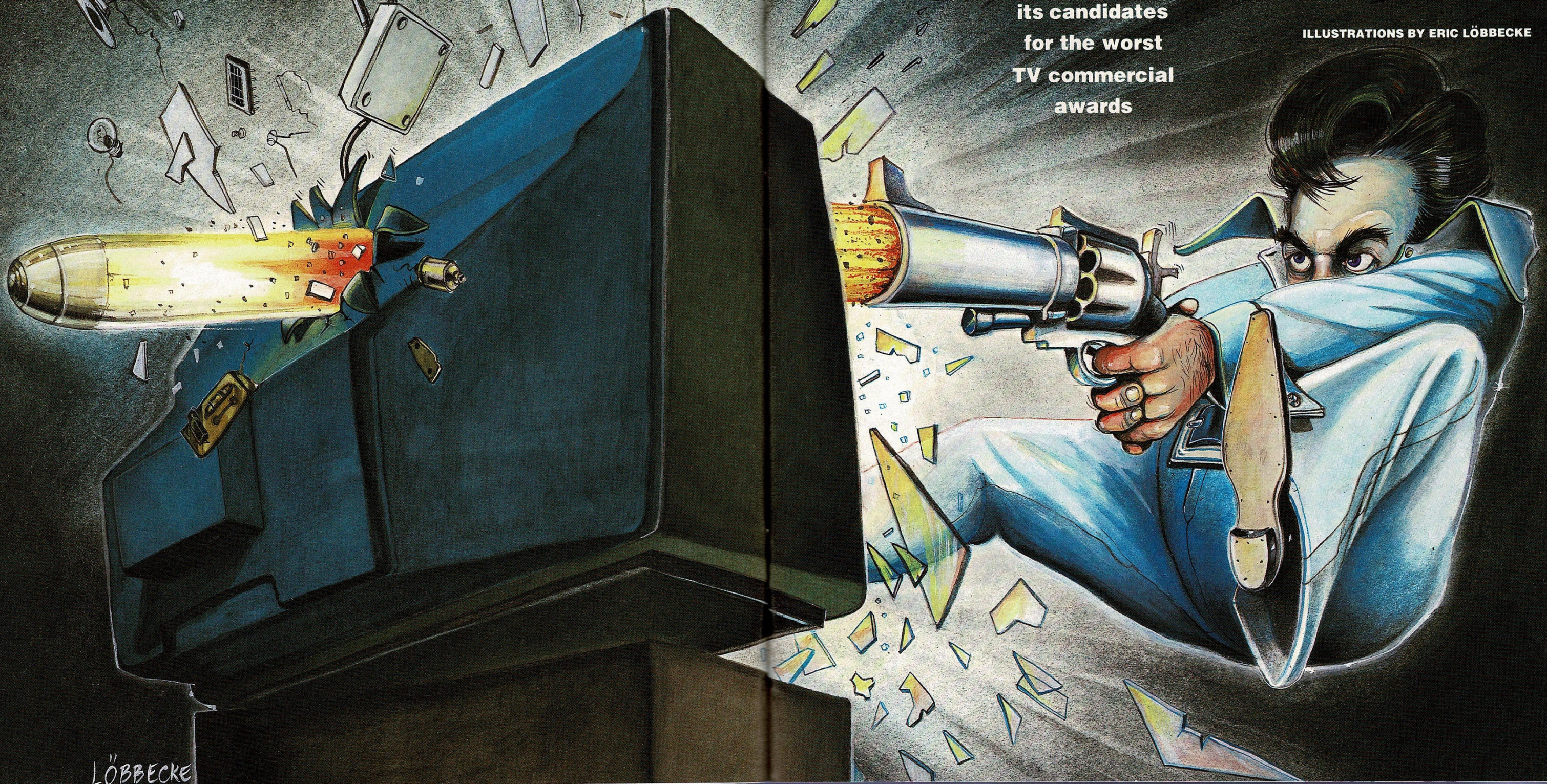
Although they're supposed to be the same, the people shown in television commercials are different from you and me.

They wake in crisp nightwear between freshly laundered sheets and yawn prettily before catapulting themselves out of bed and into downtown utopia. They charge into banks and are mobbed by staff saying: "We can help you!" and: "No problem."

They move house and spend the first night in their new abode necking in front of the fire rather than squabbling over the whereabouts of the can opener. People in television ads have money set

**Penthouse
nominates
its candidates
for the worst
TV commercial
awards**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC LÖBBECKE



LÖBBECKE

AWFUL ADS

aside "for a rainy day" and to help with their child's Rhodes Scholarship. They go shopping with pieces of plastic that make whatever they try on look stunning.

As they knock back costly liqueurs they become even more glamorously witty with each millilitre. They joyously drive late-model cars around the scenic landscapes of the world and are sexually aroused by housework. They have magic potions that make everyone want to fuck them.

Hate them or loathe them, ads are an inescapable part of modern culture. In fact, television commercials are our culture. Is that tune you were humming to yourself this morning a hip new release or something more along the lines of "every home needs Harpic?" Have you ever had the tune from a Tampax commercial or the stirring Toyota anthem embarrassingly on your mind?

Can you honestly say you never chat right through a chat show or mini-series only to be absurdly transfixed during the ad break?

They're supposed to "entertain and inform", but a recent consumer research report found that viewers were "enraged" by certain advertisements — in particular the repetition of a single commercial throughout the evening.

Watching awful ads is a traumatic experience that, on the stress ratio, ranks just below such events as divorce/terrorist attacks/natural disasters and parallel parking.

In fits of apoplectic fury, the ad-tormented viewer spasmodically attempts to zap away the offending items — but to no avail, as, by spooky coincidence, the commercial networks all screen ads at the same time. Understandably, some of us fantasise about emulating Elvis Presley by taking to the teev with a Colt .45.

The insulting thing about the awful ads is that they're the result of painstaking research into our psyches. In advertising lingo the "creatives" are hoping for a "cut through", which means they achieve "consumer bonding" with their product. There's nothing subliminal about Australian advertisements and the awful ads remain on television night after nauseating night because they work.

In a recent issue of insider mag *Ad News*, a top executive illustrated his intimate empathy with the Australian male "target audience": "Regardless of which socioeconomic group they're from, you can establish an empathy with them by pressing any one of four emotive buttons," he said.

- Grog
- Mates
- Sport
- Sex

Other sectors of the industry use more sinister depth-psychology methods. As a "consumer representative of a target audience comprising women aged 19 to 35", I was once paid to take part in a Coke Bottle Group Encounter.

We had to pretend a box of Coke bottles were a family and use different colored crayons to depict our feelings towards different members. Then we told a consumer shrink whether we thought the Mommy bottle got along with the short, stubby bottle that was supposed to be her daughter and if the Daddy Coke Bottle... Never mind.

I've never felt the same about soft drinks since.

As is fitting for such a complex and costly industry, advertising agencies hold their own film festival at Cannes every year. This is where the Golden Lion Award is presented for excellence in the field and yes, some ads are deserving of such honor. But it's time for the revenge of the target audience.

There are products we'd rather die than consumer-bond with. Even if it were the last product on earth — and all thanks to the sheer awfulness of the ad that's supposed to make us desire it.

Here, grouped in categories, are *Penthouse's* nominations for the Awful Ads awards... which probably won't be held at Cannes.



Cars

The days of good old phallocentricity in car commercials is over. Once upon a time it was: "Get this car and get laid." Now that women also buy cars and Keith Richards is flogging the

sedate Volvo in America, the message has become more muted. The nominations are:

- Presumably they couldn't afford the first man on the Moon so the "creatives" recruit the second man on the Moon to stand in front of a portrait of the Moon and robotically recite the virtues of the car. Great brakes, nice-looking intergalactic drive, etc.
- The family of four stand sepulchraly beside the sturdy family car that saved their lives. This is a true story worthy almost of *New Idea* or *Hinch* status. The point of the ad is that it was also a status symbol — a prestige model costing about a quarter of a million dollars. The inference most people took from the ad was that if you couldn't shed \$250,000 for a family sedan they couldn't be worth that much to you. Charming.

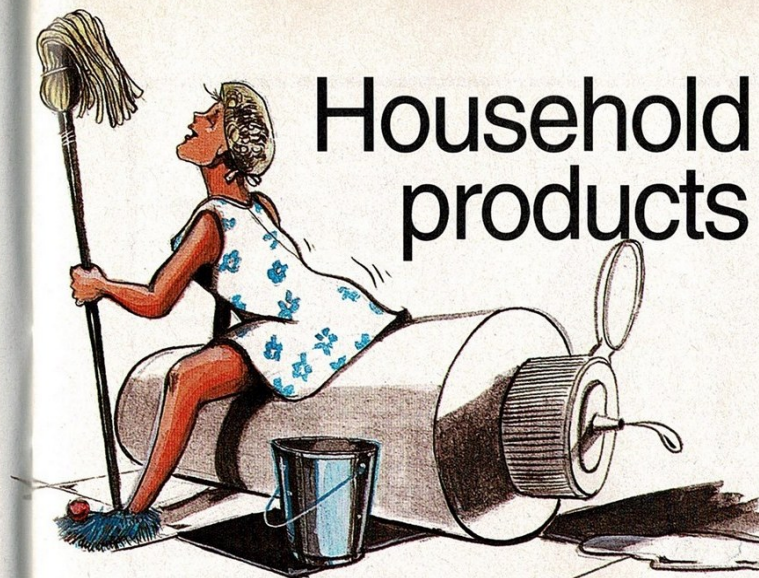
Banks

The face of bank commercials has changed recently. They've realised that everyone hates them. Financial institutions have recognised the futility of showing bank staff slobbering to serve customers. Consumers can't bond with the concept of a helpful teller as we all know what callous bastards they truly are.

In response, bank commercials have a more abstract feel to them.

The nominations in this category are:

- The ad depicting a huge, plastic model of a molecule on a pedestal. The bank professional and his clients are circling around it admiringly as they discuss financial options such as having a passbook and making deposits sometimes. Perhaps it's supposed to be a quark?
- The bank ad with financial statements cunningly transformed into an origami sculpture of alien insects. This particular bank is the most commonly bitched about in the newspapers so maybe the ad is merely to remind people not to screw up their bank statements?
- The warm and friendly "Disneyland" scenario where a large, jolly, green dragon of the type supposedly slain by Saint George in the Middle Ages dances on a street with neighborhood children.



Household products

Household drudge ads are still enmeshed in the Fifties. How many women do you know who view cleaning the bog as a Peak Experience? Do you know any who wring their hands nervously as you eat the dinner they cooked you and then beam with supplicant pleasure at your approval?

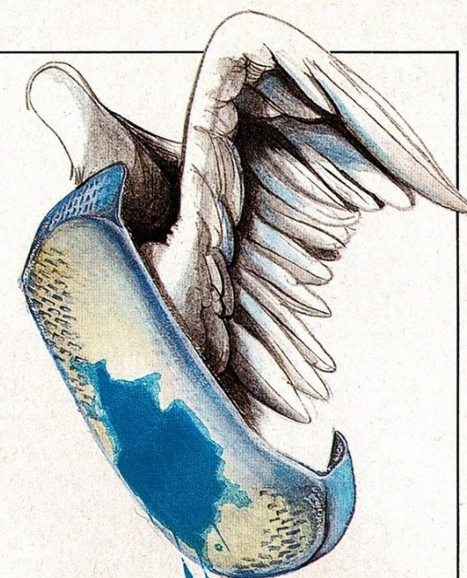
In the households of the advertising world, hungry enzymes want to eat the dirt around your collar, suds-control scientists come straight from the laboratory to your laundry and housework is foreplay.

Manicurists called Madge use dishwashing liquid to soften their client's cuticles and lasting happiness can be ensured with the addition of a Toilet Duck to your cistern.

The nominations in the housecleaning category go to:

- The soap powder endorsed vigorously by a woman who we're presumably supposed to trust on such matters. The iron-grey old Thatcherite, the terror of her daughter-in-law, who wears her benevolence like icing on a cheap cake, hangs over her washing machine leering and waving the packet of laundry granules. "It's guaranteed," she says firmly.

- A Dynasty wannabe is in her white, designer dishwashing suit and standing next to stacks of white china and crystal glasses. After cooing over the freshness of her dishes for a while she proffers the token genuine dirty dish. Her detergent, she says disapprovingly, "even cleans this frying pan caked in egg and cooking oil."



Female hygiene

Only women bleed and with this in mind these specialist products were once confined to the sanctuary of women's magazines. Now, as tampon promotions intrude upon our dinner hour, advertisers have demonstrated sensitivity in the art of nuance.

As telling testament, women wriggle about in all-white outfits and blue ink is poured from beakers on to pristine feminine hygiene accessories. It's supposed to be a sort of secret code that only women understand. The nominations for the most Awful Ads in the Feminine Hygiene category are:

- The moving "mother-and-daughter" scenario wherein the voyeuristic vixen of a mother confronts her daughter about the tampons she found as she was snuffling through her drawers. But that's not the point — she found "something else." Am I dirty-minded because I instantly assumed that the "something else + tampons" implied the daughter was sexually active? What are the advertisers really trying to sell? Or did the mum just discover a Jason Donovan poster?
- A special nomination for the ad most universally loathed by women: the one where a Catty Bimbo schemes to snag her best girlfriend's guy as she craps on about tampons to her. And it was the bitch who put the other girl on to that brand in the first place.
- The personal endorsement of a flying sanitary pad by one female journalist. Who is she a reporter for? *Menses Monthly*? *The Monthly Curse*? "It's got these wings," she says earnestly.

Breakfast cereals

Some people believe that a cereal must not only taste good — it must be better for you than the cardboard box it came in. Like the feminine hygiene category, cereal advertisers are skilled in the uses of euphemisms such as "keeps you regular." They mean that you'll shit the garbage out before it rots your intestines. Cereal advertisers are also keen to have us



AWFUL ADS

understand that breakfast is a fun, togetherness period of the day.

The nominations are:

- The well-known athletic champions breakfasting on mega-cereal whilst being spied on by rival sportspeople. So how much of it would we have to eat before becoming Olympic champions?

- The ad where the couple are chomping their morning oats together quite companionably till he snarls: "You used to look good in a mini-skirt." Instead of hissing back: "You used to have hair, you bilious cretin!" she leaps up and flounces off to work in, if not a mini, a fairly short skirt. Once again, breakfast cereals seem to take the place of exercise.

The idea is to obviously alleviate I-should-jog-in-the-mornings guilt.

- The vox pops ad where various mutants are "interviewed" about their morning habits and cereal addiction.

Breakfast cereals can even be a performance-enhancing drug, it seems.



Beer

Beer is actually a unisex beverage in Australia but in Ad Land the gassy, yellow stuff is gender specific. And every hoary old bloke cliché in the nation is evoked to get guys swilling as much of it as possible.

The nominations are:

- The "mates" ad.

Or "mites", as it's

pronounced in the horribly lingering title jingle. The brand of beer is now banned in many homes thanks to the words "mites" — they're what your wife's afraid of. The mites, a motley lot, are obviously a backlash against the SNAQ — Sensitive New Age Guy stereotype.

- The Get-It-In-Your-Face promotion featuring neanderthal sporting personalities pouring beer all over their face-fur.

It was very popular with homosexual men.

It is cheaper to appear in your own ad than it is to hire Elle McPherson, but do these people consider the cost to their personal reputations? The late-night slot is always enlivened by the appearance of dorks dancing around, gesticulating and bellowing clichés about price cuts. It's not that anyone begrudges them their 15 minutes of fame, but why must it be every 15 minutes? The nominations in this category are universal for all these ads are virtually the same and none of us can ever recall them even ten seconds afterwards.

One ad in a similar vein that was often cited by members of the target audience as awful was the busty, biblical figure flogging the contents of a retailers-only warehouse. She was almost saying, as one ad agent suggested: "Hi there, honkies, get down here, ya' worthless white trash. . ."

It's also been suggested that the after-hours ads for crash repairs and sledgehammers etc, must have Benny Hill working freelance for them.



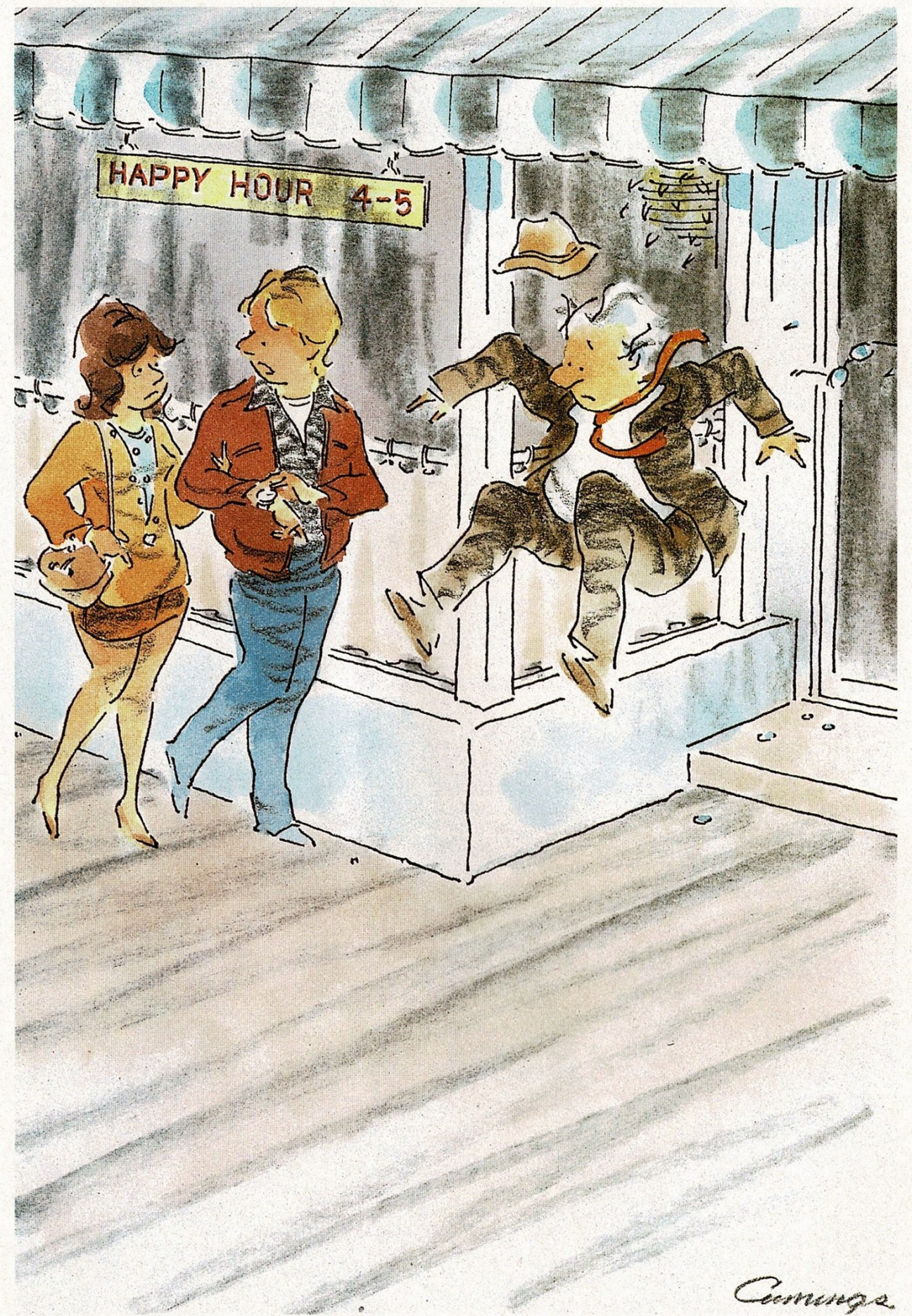
Pet foods

Your pet is a not only part of your family but a valued and esteemed member of the community at large. You are what your pet is. Your relationship with your animal companion in life says a lot about the kind of person you are. This is the mendacious thinking behind the awful pet-food commercials. Ad agencies have

definitely become more creative in their thinking since the old days of: "Nine dogs out of ten prefer Buddy to the broken glass and recycled offal in the other doggies' dishes." The trend is toward showing "Animals With Attitude" and owners to match.

The nominations are:

- The lurid cross-section of a dog's dinner — often shown during human dinnertime — that sent many of us vegetarian.
- The owner's testimonial series. People who not only resemble their pets but appear to have an indecent attachment to them, gobble on about how happy they are that little Cuddly Wuddly is receiving the tender care it deserves.



Cummings

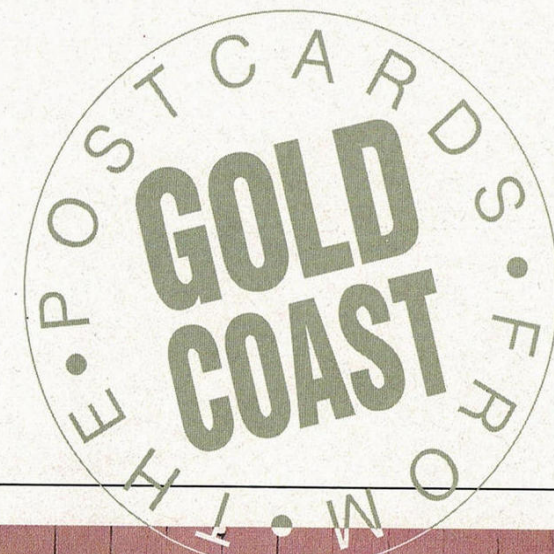
"Damn. We missed it again."

So there you have *Penthouse's* nominations for the Awful Ads Awards. We apologise if your particular nemesis wasn't included — the field was vast.

Just remember, it's your duty as a self respecting consumer not to allow yourself to be influenced. If an ad causes you to grind your teeth, throw up, or cry, then boycott the product. But — uh — change the station will you. . . I just want to see the ad with the hunky bloke in the big car drinking beer one more time. ☺



ASSISTANT: PETER ODELL; HAIR AND MAKE-UP: DONNA BLACKBURN; CLOTHING SUPPLIED BY: SPEEDO, EXPOZAY, FOLLY DAIZE LINGERIE; JOHNATHON SCATES SUNGLASSES; PATTY-BAN SUNGLASSES; THANKS TO CRAZY GIRL BOUTIQUE, MONA VALE.

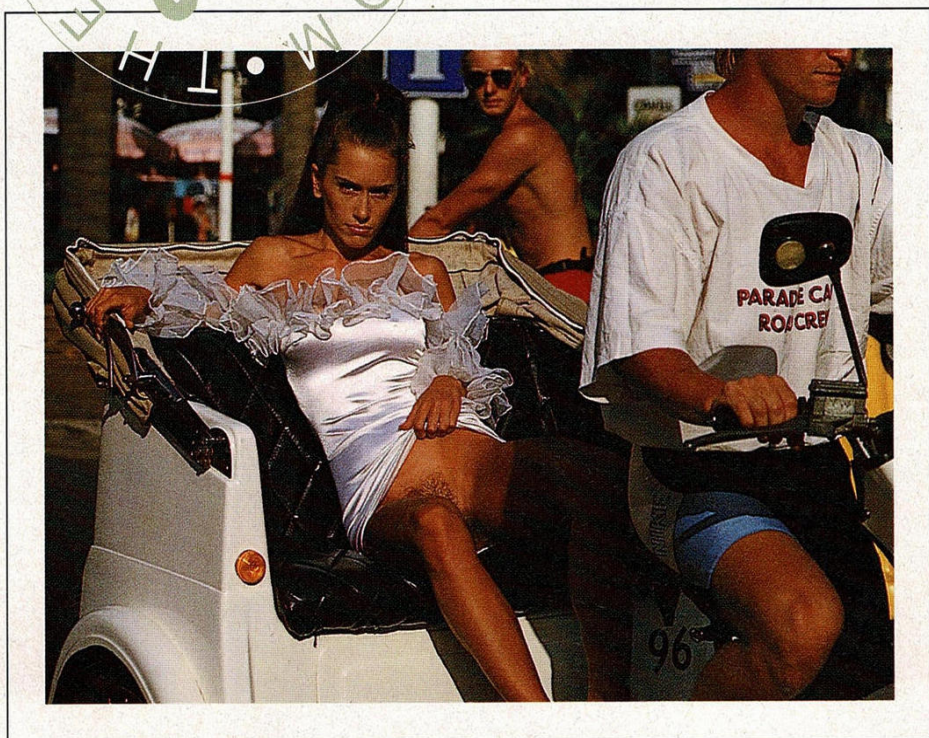


PHOTOGRAPHY AND STYLING ADAM WATSON

Wish You Were Here.

Hi! Well I'm on the Gold Coast enjoying the sun and surf. There's some fab tourist attractions to see here. I think I've become one of them.

POSTCARDS FROM
GOLD COAST
AUSTRALIA



THE GOLD COAST FROM POSTCARDS



Caught up on the news — I'd feel naked without a paper. Then decided to check out the surf, while the surfers checked out me.



POSTCARDS FROM THE GOLD COAST



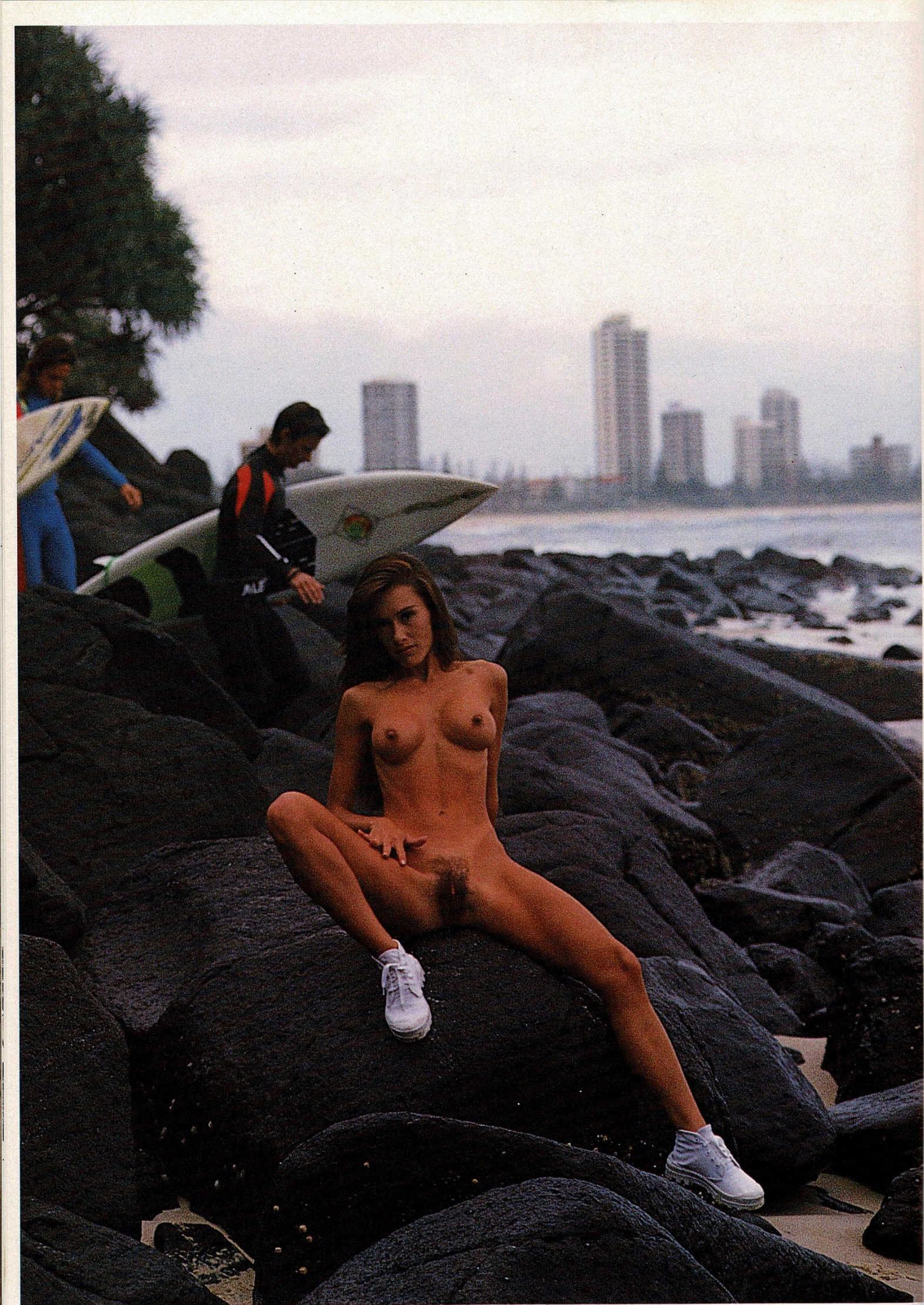
Here I am just outside — and I mean *just* outside — the Paradise centre.



POSTCARDS FROM THE GOLD COAST



Anyway, must dash. Hope all's well. I really do wish you
were right here.
Love always,
Jody



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRETT PRESTON
INTERVIEW BY GRAHAM BICKNELL

rocket man

At the Kennedy Space Centre the other astronauts called him "Big John." Tall and physically powerful with a slow, West Virginian drawl, Captain John McBride took six other people with him on the ride of their lives around the Earth for eight-and-a-half days in 1984.

As Commander of the ultimately ill-fated Challenger Shuttle, McBride's one and only flight saw him go up as a highly-trained pilot and astronaut and come back to Earth a shade of green.

Now the president of his own merchant bank in West Virginia, McBride is a more aware man. At 48 he is deeply concerned that the evidence of mass destruction he saw from 30 kms above the surface of the Earth will not be corrected in time. But he is still an optimist. After all, he plans to be the first man to fly into

**Former space shuttle
commander John
McBride has a unique
perspective on planet
Earth**



rocketman

orbit in a radically designed spacecraft which will look, as he says "like all the UFOs you've seen take off all your life."

A former US Navy pilot who flew a Phantom fighter in 64 combat missions over North Vietnam, the man who once commanded a weapon of war is now a member of an elite group of astronauts and cosmonauts who meet each year to promote peaceful space exploration.

Briefly in Australia to open the full-size Space Shuttle mock-up on the Gold Coast, McBride talks in this interview about what it takes to be a spaceman, the years of preparation, the feeling of space flight, the *Challenger* disaster, environmental destruction, his affinity with Australia and the possibility of getting to Mars in the not-so-distant future.

It is truly a world view.

PH: How did you get into the Space Shuttle program?

McBride: After Vietnam I went off to the USAF test pilot school at Edwards Air Base in California. One Navy representative was sent to each class and there are two classes each year. I was very fortunate to get into one of them. After that I went to Point Mugu in California for test work and was the Sidewinder project manager for the Navy project AIN-9 Lima air-to-air missiles. These were the forerunners to the advanced Sidewinders used to down the Migs in Libya in 1981. They were very effective weapons.

Then NASA put a call out for astronauts for the Space Shuttle program. I'd wanted to do that all my life anyway, so I had

PH: After you've been accepted as an astronaut candidate, what tests do you have to pass?

McBride: It's more or less an observation period. They're pretty sure they've got some good folks but what they want to do is have an out. I guess after their first seven processes back in the Mercury, Gemini and Apollo programs they had a few people who got down there and found they didn't fit in very well. What they decided to do with our class, which was the first Shuttle class of 15 pilots and 20 mission specialists, was to call us "astronaut candidates."

PH: What did you do in that year?

McBride: That year involved learning to fly NASA aircraft. We all came from different backgrounds, so we had to learn to fly NASA's equipment. The T-38s, Grumman Gulfstreams, the 707. And we spent a lot of time in the classroom, four or five hours a day learning meteorology, oceanography, vulcanology, planetary and solar physics, so that when we got up into space and tried to relate the phenomena we saw, we could do it with the scientists. We spent a huge amount of time studying the Space Shuttle and its systems. We spent a lot of time in simulators.

PH: Can you take us through the build-up to your first flight and how they get you ready to take something up that, although you've simulated, you've never actually flown?

McBride: It all starts after that first year. You have to work inside NASA learning how everything is connected and you serve in different capacities before you're actually assigned to a flight. I spent my first 18 months as the lead chase pilot for the recovery of *Columbia*. I was responsi-

ble for going up and joining her in my aircraft, flying down, taking photographs and cross-checking her energy state, her safety, all that.

PH: So when we saw that first landing of *Columbia*'s, that was you flying just above it?

McBride: Yeah, right next to it. Then I was a capsule communicator for three flights. I had to develop all the overall rendezvous techniques for a period after that. Then I spent a year-and-a-half in our Shuttle Avionics Integration Laboratory, where we go over every bit of software in the computers on the spacecraft to make sure every piece is functioning perfectly because there's no room for error. Then I was assigned to a mission, and that generally happens about a year prior to the launch.

PH: Can the simulator really simulate the feeling of take-off?

McBride: Yes, it's a very high-fidelity trainer at Houston.

Once the crew gets in and is seated and ready to go, they rotate it on the spot and go through all the countdown sequences. You get the noises, and the computer-generated scenery outside the window is just like the Kennedy Space Centre with the tower and the beach. At T-zero there's a ten-metre rail that you accelerate up until you reach the ceiling — then they have to wash that out and stop the motion. But during the fly-up and then back down to the pad you don't realise it. Then they can simulate orbit. They put in the computer-generated scene of the Earth and what part you're flying over. You can rotate upwards and look at the stars, you can pick them out

and they're actual and factual to navigate on. It's very high-fidelity.

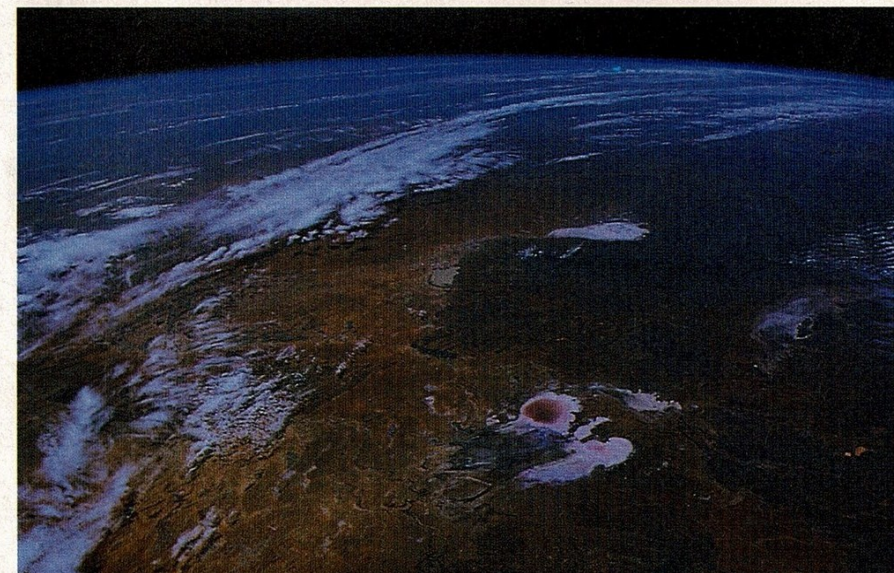
PH: But it's still not the same is it?

McBride: Almost, except weightlessness. Everything in the simulator is the same as it is in the Shuttle except zero gravity. You can float in space but you can't float in the trainer. We can simulate that in planes.

We have what we call the "Vomit Comet." It's a 707 that's been adapted to do the parabolic manoeuvres where we pull up and over the top, so for 20 or 30 seconds you can experience zero gravity. You can get into a water tank in scuba gear and get neutrally buoyant, but you always know where the bottom and sides of the tank are, which is cheating a little bit. In space there is no up, down, left or right. It depends on what co-ordinate system you want to use.

PH: What was your mission?

McBride: We launched on October 5, 1984. On the first day we had to launch an Earth Radiation Budget Satellite. It measures the sun's radiation coming to Earth and compares it to what's being reflected. It gives you a budget on the Earth's radiation, which meteorologists can use to predict long-range weather patterns. It's up there, still working.



Clockwise from top left: Retired Shuttle captain John McBride hopes to test-fly a new type of spacecraft; high-resolution Shuttle shots showing (top) tropical storm Sam off Western Australia and Lake Eyre with water colored pink; official NASA poster of McBride's Shuttle flight with additional pictures of planes he has flown.

PH: And you could spot environmental damage?

McBride: From space it's very apparent we have been very unkind to the Earth. In just the 30 years we've been flying men and women into space, you can see significant changes already. You can see air pollution over all the big cities, and it's spreading. The beautiful island of Madagascar, which was a lush, green island, is just eroding away. They've cleared all the forests and the whole thing is just running into the sea.

PH: And Brazil?

McBride: You can't even see that country any more. From space you can't take

"Once the solid rockets are connected you're going to go flying whether you want to or not..."

patterned my career in the Navy toward a goal of being in the right place at the right time when NASA put out the call. I put in my application with thousands and thousands of others in the summer of 1977. I think NASA invited 200 candidates to the Johnson Space Centre in Houston for a week-and-a-half and selected 15 pilots out of that 200, whom they'd screened down from 10,000.

So I kind of waited from that summertime to January of 1978 to find out and then I got a call one morning asking if I'd like to come down and join the Space Shuttle program as an astronaut. So I went to work at NASA in 1978 as an astronaut candidate and in 1979, after we'd finished our year-long evaluation process, we were dubbed official astronauts ready for assignment.

rocketman

pictures of Brazil. It's non-existent. And the Mississippi River running into the Gulf [of Mexico] is just silt and debris. You can't pick up a paper in the US these days without reading about the problems of garbage.

PH: Did this unique, bird's-eye view you had change your attitude to what we're doing down here? Did it awaken you?

McBride: Yeah, I think so. In my early days in the Navy and even at NASA we weren't too concerned about the Earth and what we were doing to it. I was just one of those people who rolled along with the flow. I laughed at the greenies, save the whales, save the seals, save the world and all that. But I think about it now and some of those people were right in accurately predicting what we were doing to the Earth. We need to reverse the trend, we need to start recycling, re-using and saving our resources.

PH: From your view up there, could you form the opinion that the world is over-populated?

McBride: The biggest problem we have right now is too many people. This world population has quadrupled in a few hundred years from a very stable population which lived here for millions of years. It's got to have some kind of a catastrophic effect on Earth. Even if we start an educa-

tion process now in every country, it's going to take one or two generations to effect a change and make people realise the Earth can only support so many. Particularly at the rate we're polluting, destroying, tearing up.

PH: What's re-entry like?

McBride: It's very exciting. First, because you want to make a good mission out of it and a good landing and it has some strange effects on you. You've been weightless for eight-and-a-half days, so you've oriented yourself to weightlessness, to having no up or down, left or right. You've oriented yourself to the spacecraft and you kind of forget about the rest of the universe. Your semi-circular canals which give you your balance here on Earth just quit working.

So when you're re-entering, a couple of phenomena hit you really hard. You're coming back into gravity force and the onset of the slightest bit of G, a tenth of a G, which is one tenth of what we have on Earth, makes you feel like you weigh a tonne. And by the time you're fully into the atmosphere, you feel like you weigh two tonnes. It's a very difficult thing to sit up in your seat and re-orient yourself to the Earth's axis and be able to fly the Space Shuttle. It's very disconcerting.

PH: Presumably you don't see flames?

McBride: No, you don't see flames, but you see the glow. It's very evident — it varies from pink to orange to red and

that's when you're really digging into the atmosphere. We have to super-cool the cabin. We turn the air conditioner down to low for as long as we can to lower the temperature because during the re-entry process the inside is going to heat up 20 or 30 degrees centigrade.

After landing at Kennedy it takes 20 or 30 minutes for the crew to get their land-legs back, just to be able to stand up without falling down, because your head is spinning, your body is recompressing. You gain height in space because all the vertebrae tend to separate without the pressure of gravity. I grew about an inch.

PH: Out of all the crew, you have to re-orient first? After all, you're the one who has to land the Shuttle.

McBride: We learned that flying Naval aircraft and flying planes all our lives. There's a thing called "vertigo" and we're taught that no matter what altitude you think you're in, fly the instruments. The Space Shuttle is no different. You feel like you're upside down, sideways or backwards but you've got to look at what you've got and fly the plane according to what you see on the instruments.

PH: Is the landing difficult?

McBride: Not when you practice as many times as we do. In the simulator you probably get up to 20 landings a week. We also have planes that are configured like the Space Shuttle. The left side is like a Shuttle cockpit and the right side is like a



A B Grade comedian's dream audience.



rocketman

regular aircraft. We get into the left seat and fly Shuttle approaches over and over. I wouldn't say it's routine or mundane, but we have the confidence that we can do it. But you only get once chance — it's a glider, so you've got to get the first landing right. You can't go round and try again.

PH: Did you ever become complacent about looking out the window?

McBride: We had such a rigorous flight plan, we really ended up working 16 hours a day. You want to rest, those other eight hours, particularly after that first day when the adrenalin is pumping and you haven't slept much because you're excited. I really don't remember much looking-out-the-window time. I'd grab a peek every opportunity I had, but it wasn't until the last day, before we came home, that we finally got ahead of our flight plan and had a little extra time. Mission Control said: "Why don't you just kick back?" So I put on my earphones and just sat up there and watched the Earth go by for a while.

PH: There have been stories down the years, and no doubt you've heard them too, that the American Government has made contact with aliens, that astronauts have seen UFOs.

McBride: I've heard all those stories, I've seen the movies and the TV programs, but I've never seen anything strong

enough to convince me that any of this has been seen. We had one incident, I think, back in the Apollo days where they thought they saw a UFO, but when they finally analysed it turned out to be urine dumped out of the spacecraft that had sublimated a few yards away.

PH: How did the *Challenger* disaster affect you?

McBride: Well I was going to be the commander of the flight right after that tragedy. We were going to launch *Challenger* about a month later. We would have launched on March 3 and we lost them on January 28, 1986. We looked at our launch position for the March 3 flight and it was almost a parallel of the January 28 flight.

When I look back on it, it's like losing seven members of your family right before your eyes. I don't think you ever get over it. You can't justify or rationalise a terrible tragedy. You can only look back and try to learn from it. It took us two-and-a-half years of painful recovery. I think we're stronger, we have a better space program and heaven forbid we ever have another tragedy like we did in '86. But there's no way you can guarantee you'll never have a loss in space. It's a harsh environment.

PH: You stayed in NASA for three-and-a-half years after the tragedy. Would you have flown the Shuttle again?

McBride: Yes, I would have flown the Shuttle this year. I spent two years in

Washington DC as the assistant administrator for NASA responsible for all the workings between NASA and Congress to make sure we were steaming on the same course and got enough money to do the program. It was a very educational experience, seeing how Washington functions.

After that they assigned me back to Houston to train for another two years for a potential mission this year. It was in between those two assignments that, after 25 years of Government and NASA and Navy, I decided that I'd like to go home to West Virginia and change career paths for a while. It was a difficult decision, let me tell you. I don't think they've ever had somebody who was assigned to a crew decide to go and do something else.

PH: But the Shuttle's still in your blood. Here you are again.

McBride: Yes, I was down here last year with the first Shuttle replica built in Newcastle, which is now in Japan. I fell in love with the process and the craftsmanship. They do a remarkable job. I've stayed in touch and when they built the second one they asked me to come down and help celebrate that, too. It's my second trip to Australia and I like it more and more every time.

PH: Do you yearn for outer space still?

McBride: I have been doing some con-

Continued on page 80



Therese





PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN HICKS

"I did not become a model by choice," claims 23-year-old Therese. "I was finishing my law degree when I was approached by a photographer to do some casual modelling — things just took off from there."

Quid pro quo





Therese plans to enter the legal field once she stops modelling. "I have to be realistic, my modelling prospects are very short-term. I must have something permanent for later in life — a career I guess."





When It comes to permanency and men, Therese has built a sound case. "You only get out of a relationship what you put in. And with the travelling I do, it wouldn't be fair to be in a relationship. So I stay single." She smiles: "That's a good excuse, isn't it?"



Kennedy theory fever

John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the 35th President of the United States of America, was 46 years old when Air Force One touched down on Texas' Love Field, Friday November 22, 1963. He'd been in office for a short 1,026 days. At 11.55am, 20 cars in the Presidential motorcade began a 12-kilometre trip to downtown Dallas. Five people sat in the presidential limousine: JFK, his wife Jacqueline Kennedy, Texas Governor John Connally, and two secret service men: Jim Greer and Roy Kellerman.

The streets of Dallas were lined with people. Most of them smiled and many snapped pictures while trying to wave at their beloved President and his beautiful wife.

**"You know,
we're heading
into nut
country..."**

John Fitzgerald
Kennedy,
November 22,
1963

BY CHUCK DEAN

PHOTOS COURTESY AUSTRALIAN ASSOCIATED PRESS



kennedy theory

As the motorcade snaked into Dealey Plaza, two Californian phone operators hundreds of miles from Texas received two separate calls in reference to an assassination. One of the anonymous voices muttered: "The President is going to die at 12:30." In Dallas the time was 12:10pm.

Inside the Texas School Book Depository, where 70 employees remained, the power and phones went dead about 12:25pm. The motorcade became visible in Dealey Plaza five minutes later. The procession moved very slowly, about 14 km/h. At 12:31pm it sounded as though firecrackers were exploding. But it turned out to be something much more lethal: gun shots. Connally was shot first, in the wrist. Then the President slumped over; he was hit too. Another shot clipped him in the head. Mrs Kennedy panicked and started climbing on to the boot of the limousine. Realising the fate at hand, the motorcade bolted toward Parkland Hospital, four miles away. An hour-and-a-half later the news started funnelling through: President Kennedy had been assassinated.

Between 12:30 and 12:35pm the police ran into the Texas School Book Depository where the shots seemed to have originated from. There they found a calm young employee, Lee Harvey Oswald, in the second floor lunchroom. They paid him little attention. Undisturbed by the commotion, Oswald walked out of the front door and hopped on to a city bus while a description of the assassin blared across police radios. Oswald got off the bus and tried to hail a cab. A woman was trying to get the same cab, so Oswald, in no hurry, offered it to her. She refused. He was driven to his boarding room on 1026 North Beckley, but only stayed a few minutes.

Elsewhere in town, Dallas police offer J.D. Tippit tried to stop a man who matched the assassin's description. At 1.15pm, using a .38 pistol, the suspect shot Tippit three times. Four minutes later, Oswald hurried into the Texas Theatre where *War Is Hell* (starring Burt Topper and Tony Russel) was the main feature. About 25 minutes later, 24 policemen entered the Texas Theatre and nabbed him.

America then got a good look at the assassin, 24-year-old Lee Harvey Oswald. He was later to blurt: "No, sir, I didn't kill anybody. I'm just a patsy." But the look was a short and mysterious one: the next day at 11.20am during a transfer from the city lockup to the Dallas County Jail, local mob-rogue Jack Ruby shot Oswald. Oswald died a few hours later at the same hospital where the President was pronounced dead.

From the moment of the first sounds of gunfire in Dealey Plaza, the seed of suspicion was planted in America's psyche and has since grown there continuously. Did Oswald really do it? He wasn't even a good shot! Was he acting alone? Before long it seemed like everyone in the world had a motive.

To end all the doubt and speculation, officials set up a "blue-ribbon" panel, the Warren Commission, seven days after the Dallas tragedy. In September 1964, this commission released a 26-volume tome that basically reiterated the fact that, using his own judgement, Oswald had mail-ordered a 6.5-millimetre Mannlicher-Carcano rifle and acted alone when he shot the President. In unison, America cried "bullshit."

Investigations into Kennedy's death were reopened in 1977. The House Select Committee on Assassinations (HSCA) issued its report in June 1979, saying that, yes, Oswald *did* fire the shots that killed Kennedy, but the assassination was probably the "result of a conspiracy." The CIA, the Mafia and the Soviet KGB were named as suspects by the HSCA.

Bingo! America had half its answer: a conspiracy. But the unanswered half — just who was behind the conspiracy — began eating away at die-hard assassination buffs. Soon the circle of accusation was once again spinning at full force. Conspiracy theorists hit the lecture circuits, appeared on talk shows and visited college campuses, usually plugging books and documentaries that pointed an accusing finger in all directions. Again, no-one was safe.

Today, 29 years after the fact, the mystery of John F. Kennedy's death remains unsolved. But, to give you an idea of which theories are legitimate and which are bogus, here are a few of the individuals and factions accused of pulling the trigger, their motives and the evidence that's filed against them. We've also supplied you with ready-made assassination party quotes (the assassination is popular get-together conversation), reading suggestions from which you may derive your own personal theories, and overall theory ratings based on the following scale:

- **** Very Plausible
- *** Suspicious
- ** Sounds shaky
- * No fucking way

The "It was your fault" theory

Whodunit:

Central Intelligence Agency (CIA).

Rationale:

New Orleans District Attorney Jim

Garrison once said: "The essence of my charge is that the assassination of John Kennedy was accomplished by elements of the CIA." The whole Bay of Pigs invasion was a bust. On April 17, 1961, US-backed Cubans tried to eliminate Fidel Castro and his regime. Though 114 soldiers from America's Cuban Brigade were killed in this conflict, Castro emerged unscathed.

Back home, JFK publicly accepted responsibility for the catastrophe, but behind closed White House doors he fumed because the CIA hadn't briefed him properly. He felt that he had been kept in the dark. Military and CIA members were enraged because the President had scaled down their operation.

Realising that the CIA had evolved into a power within itself, JFK later commented that he'd like to "splinter the CIA into a thousand pieces and scatter it to the winds." The scattering process started when Kennedy appointed brother Robert to "supervise the CIA's activities." Soon afterwards a CIA shake-up forced two stalwart members to resign: Director Allen Dulles and Deputy Director Richard Bissell.

Links that drive conspiracy theorists apeshit (LTDCTA) factors:

1) Obtained through a Freedom Of Information suit, CIA Item 450 states that the agency's National Photo Interpretation Centre probably got their hands on the Zapruder film before anyone else did, thus allowing them time to alter frames. (Zapruder's Super-8 movie provides the



Left: President Kennedy and his wife ride in the motorcade moments before he was assassinated in 1963. Below: Jacqueline Kennedy attends her husband's funeral.



best visual documentation of the assassination to date).

2) Many claim that Oswald was a CIA agent. This theory is supported by Oswald's mother ("...it could have been that my son and the Secret Service were all involved in a mercy killing") and a bad case of gonorrhoea. When Oswald became infected, he wasn't reprimanded as most men are while in the service. Instead his records state: "Origin: In line of duty, not due to own misconduct." Translated: Fucking spies in the best interests of America.

3) When Jack Ruby introduced Oswald to friends and associates, his standard line was: "Lee Oswald from the CIA."

4) *The Washington Post* claimed that a mystery witness told congressional investigators that three weeks prior to the assassination Oswald was introduced to him by a CIA agent.

5) Feeling that the CIA had a hand in bumping off Kennedy, the FBI accused the CIA of shelling out misleading information to Warren Commission member Gerald Ford in an attempt to confuse him.

6) Thirty-seven items were found missing from the CIA's file on Oswald.

7) The HSCA discovered that CIA employee Regis Blahut had cracked the safe containing significant assassination evidence. Blahut tinkered with some important files and — of course — was then fired from his job.

8) Victor Marchetti quit the CIA in 1969. He says that at one time the CIA was considering confessing that it had a part in the assassination.

Intelligent quote to use at cocktail parties:

"Did you know that the Bay of Pigs is actually named after bona fide pigs that Castro used to hunt in Cuba, and that it very well could've been the fountainhead of Kennedy's assassination?"

Required reading:

"*They've Killed the President!*" *The Search for the Murderers of John F. Kennedy*, Robert Sam Anson (Bantam paperback, 1975); *Coup D'etat in America: The CIA and the Assassination of John F. Kennedy*, Michael Confield, Alan J. Weberman (Third Press, 1975).

Theory Rating: **1/2

The Goodfellas theory

Whodunit:

The Mafia, specifically New Orleans mobster Carlos Marcello and company.

Rationale:

The mob ran profitable Vegas-like operations in Cuba and valued their Fidel Castro link. They didn't want anything to damage this racket. Kennedy had little restraint in expressing his hatred for organised crime.

An even bigger anti-mob crusader was the President's brother, Robert F. Kennedy. As Attorney-General, Robert Kennedy quadrupled the Justice

kennedy theory

Department's anti-racketeering division and reportedly had a wish-list of 2300 mob figures he was after. Ninety days after brother John became President, RFK surprised and handcuffed Marcello, then shipped him off to Guatemala. Marcello came back to America and was arrested on fraud, perjury, and illegal re-entry charges. The Justice Department eventually cleared him, but needless to say, the man was vexed.

LTDCTA factors:

1) Oswald's uncle, Charles "Dutz" Murret, was an underworld fixture in New Orleans.

2) Relaxing on his 1200-hectare plantation, a very pissed off Marcello exclaimed: "You know what they say in Sicily: if you want to kill a dog, you don't cut off the tail, you cut off the head" (the tail being RFK and the head being JFK).

3) The day before JFK's assassination, Jack Ruby ate at Dallas' Egyptian Lounge. Joe Campisi, owner of the joint, was Marcello's buddy.

4) With mob connections all over America and Havana, Ruby dabbled in drugs, prostitution and illegal gambling. Many believe he killed Oswald to keep him from confessing to being a Mafia man-for-hire.

Intelligent quote:

"Well, the HSCA, circa 1979, said that Marcello had the motive, means and opportunity to have JFK assassinated. What more do you need, a signed affidavit?"

Required reading:

Mafia Kingfish, John Davis (McGraw Hill, 1988); *Contract On America*, David Scheim (Shapolsky, 1988).

Theory Rating: ***

The "Well, he started it" theory

Whodunit:

Cuban Premier Fidel Castro.

Rationale:

What would you do if you discovered that someone was hellbent on killing you? A year before the assassination, Castro picked up a CIA-backed assassination team in Cuba. Castro also knew that Attorney-General Robert Kennedy had said that stomping Cuba's arse was a "top priority in the US Government."

After the Bay of Pigs mishap, RFK became responsible for managing Cuban affairs, and soon another plot to oust

Castro was under way. Wise to the Kennedys' aggression, Castro muttered: "We are prepared to fight Kennedy and his brother Robert and answer them in kind. US leaders should think twice if they are aiding terrorist plans to eliminate Cuban leadership for they themselves will not be safe."

LTDCTA factors:

1) On the day of Kennedy's assassination, the CIA was supplying an anti-Castro hitman with weapons that included a pen equipped with a hypodermic needle full of poison.

2) John Roselli told the Senate Intelligence Committee that the CIA enlisted him to rub out Castro, and that he sought help from Sam Giancana, a Chicago Mafia chief. Giancana was ready to testify before the committee, but was blown away in his Illinois home before he got the chance.

3) When Lyndon Johnson suddenly became President he discovered that "we had been operating a damned Murder Inc in the Caribbean."

Intelligent quote:

"Let me play Devil's advocate. I think that Castro was politically correct if indeed he did assassinate Kennedy. We're dealing with a survival-of-the-fittest scenario here: America was trying to kill Castro, therefore for him to survive, nature commands that he must kill us, ie. Kennedy."

Required reading:

Stifle the Legend, Lyle H. Munson (Bookmailer, 1964).

Theory Rating: *

The Hopping hierarchies theory

Whodunit:

Vice-President Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Rationale:

He wanted to be President of the US so goddamn bad that he could taste it.

LTDCTA factors:

1) Johnson was friends with anti-Kennedy Texas oilmen such as W.C. Kirkwood, who also had ties with Jack Ruby. The night before Kennedy's assassination, W.C.'s son, Pat, played graceful host to the President's Secret Service men.

2) While in the Senate, Johnson reportedly received pay-offs from mob figures.

3) Rumors were flying that Kennedy was going to dump Johnson from the

1964 Democratic national ticket.

4) It seems that Johnson was experienced at having threatening people rubbed out — like Department Of Agriculture official Henry Marshall, who was found dead, shot five times in the abdomen. At the time of his death (it was ruled a suicide) Marshall was investigating the crooked dealings of Billie Sol Estes, Johnson's close personal friend. Estes later told the press that it was Johnson who arranged to have Marshall murdered.

5) FBI director J. Edgar Hoover and Johnson were best buddies.

6) A few days after the assassination, Johnson demanded that the interior of the presidential limousine be cleaned and replaced. Also, Cliff Carter, Johnson's right-hand man, had Governor Connally's bloody clothes nicely dry-cleaned before handing them over to the Warren Commission.

7) Johnson's tell-all mistress, Madeleine Brown, said that he knew everything about the assassination before it happened.

8) A smuggled jail letter reportedly written by Jack Ruby reads: "They alone had planned the killing. By 'they' I mean Johnson and others."

Intelligence Quote:

"You know, I was reading a back issue of *Atlantic Monthly*, 1973, I think, and I found it frighteningly peculiar that President Lyndon Johnson told the magazine: 'I never believed that Oswald acted alone, although I can accept that he pulled the trigger.'"

Required Reading:

The Dark Side of Lyndon Baines Johnson, Joachim Joesten (London 1968).

Theory Rating: ***

The Cat-fight theory

Whodunit:

The Federal Bureau of Investigations (FBI) and its director, J. Edgar Hoover.

Rationale:

Having worked 48 years in the FBI and having served eight Presidents, Hoover was a powerful man in government. He hated the Kennedys. It was widely believed that if he was re-elected in 1964, John Kennedy would retire Hoover.

LTDCTA factors:

1) FBI security clerk William Walter was in the FBI's New Orleans office on November 17, 1963 when an FBI teletype arrived from Washington which warned of

a possible attempt on the President's life. Walter showed it to six other FBI employees who ignored it. Later in life Walter commented: "You just don't ignore something like that." The FBI denied that the teletype ever existed.

2) According to Secret Service Report #767, Chief Allan Sewatt of the Dallas Sheriff's Office claimed that Oswald (aka Informant #S-172) was "being paid \$200 a month by the FBI in connection with their subversive investigation."

3) Dallas police chief Jesse Curry told the press that the FBI and Hoover knew that Oswald was a threat, but deliberately kept this information from the Dallas police.

4) Separate eyewitnesses Arnold Rowald, Ruby Henderson and Carolyn Walther told the FBI that seconds before the assassination they saw two men on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository. The FBI told them that what they'd seen were boxes.

5) Charles Bronson (not the actor) showed the FBI his Super-8 film, also taken seconds before the assassination. It looks as if two, maybe even three, men are on the sixth floor of the Book Depository. When they viewed the film the FBI concluded that the Book Depository wasn't even on the film. Later the HSCA enlarged some frames and did see figures.

6) At 12.25pm, five minutes before the

assassination, secretary Carolyn Arnold Johnston saw Oswald eating lunch (a cheese sandwich and an apple) on the Book Depository's second floor. A clerical supervisor saw him there too. The FBI incorrectly recorded Johnston's sighting as being at 12:15pm.

7) After Kennedy's assassination eyewitness Warren Reynolds saw the assassin fleeing the scene where Dallas Police Officer J.D. Tippit was shot. The FBI showed Reynolds a photograph of Oswald, but Reynolds wasn't sure if it was the right man. Two days later Reynolds was shot in the head and, upon recuperating, testified that indeed it was Oswald he'd seen fleeing.

8) An anonymous phone call to the Dallas Police Department informed that Oswald would be killed. The FBI ignored the threat.

Intelligent Quote:

"They say that Oswald was employed by the FBI. I tell you: put one and one together and what do you get? An assassination."

Required Reading:

Crossfire, The Plot That Killed Kennedy, Jim Marrs (Carroll & Graff 1990)

Theory Rating: ***1/2

Continued on page 97

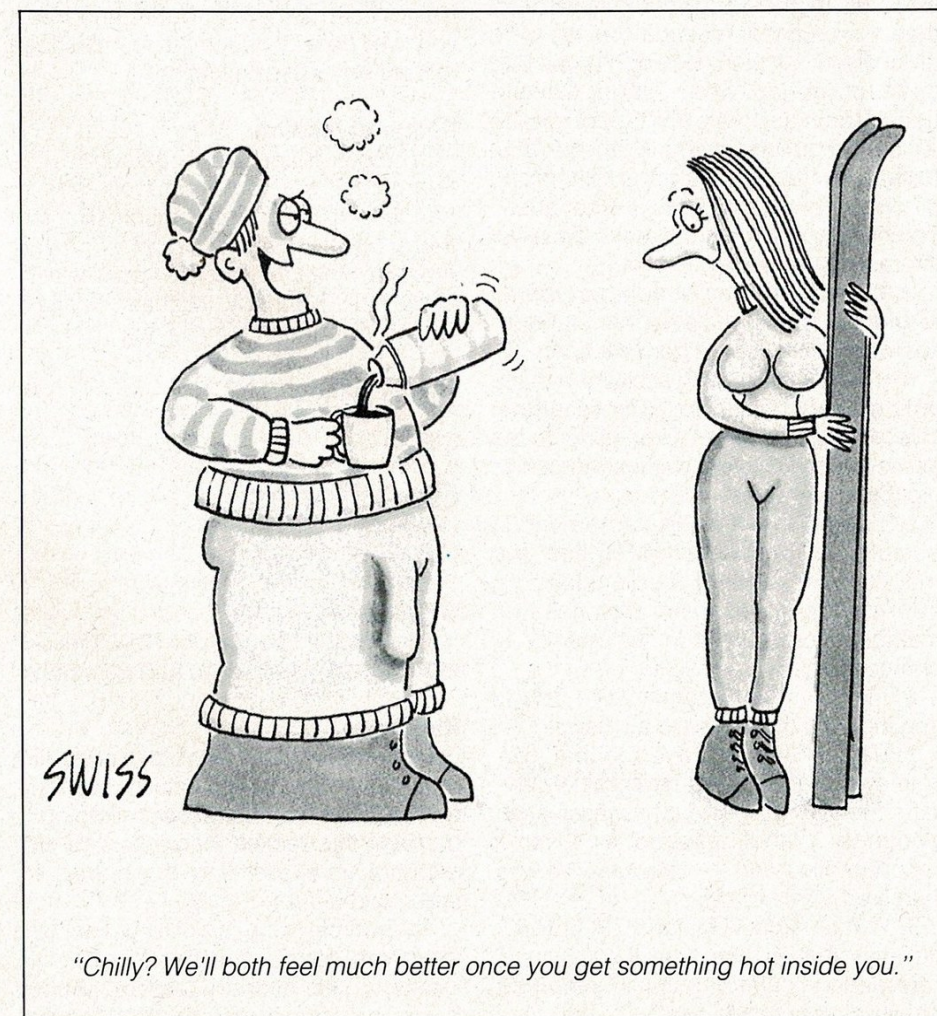




PHOTO FINISH



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLENN BRADLEY

Tina was a swimsuit model; Larry was her photographer. The hour was late; the studio empty. The scene was set. Tina abandoned modesty as Larry urged her to change costumes quickly. When Larry saw the fullness of Tina's body, he abandoned his camera.





Together they created a vivid image of sensuality. Larry explored the subtle lines and contours of Tina's figure, while Tina examined the intricate design of her photographer. As their passions melded, they created the perfect composition. "Let's take some photos now," Tina suggested. And that's exactly what they did.





rocketman

Continued from page 56

sulting work for one of our major aerospace companies, McDonnell Douglas, and they're working on the next generation of spacecraft. I don't think I would ever go back and fly with NASA, but in five or six years I might get a chance to go for a ride in that vehicle.

PH: What is it?

McBride: It's called a Single-Stage Orbit, SSO. Our design is conical. It's like the UFOs you've seen take off and land all your life. It takes off vertically, goes up and opens its hatch and releases a satellite — or whatever it's planned to do — then it comes back down with a conical re-entry, pitches up over the same launch pad and when it's vertical it ignites the engines. It takes ten percent power to land compared to what it took to get into orbit. So you increase the throttle and decrease the thrust and settle back down where you started.

PH: Will it work?

McBride: In theory. Of course, if we ever get the money to fully develop it, which could be in 1996, you've got to fly one unmanned, probably in the atmosphere without going into orbit to test the landing procedure. Then fly an orbit and come back and land. After a few successes

there, we'll put some men and women in it.

PH: There are no wings?

McBride: No way. Wings are useless in space. The only time you use them is in the atmosphere. As remarkable as the Space Shuttle is, it's only in the atmosphere for eight-and-a-half minutes going up and you don't need wings at all there, you're a rocket. And it's only flying in the depths of the atmosphere for the last 30 minutes of the re-entry process. So we designed all that for 30 minutes of flight, really.

PH: Can you give a rough idea of the dimensions of this craft?

McBride: Well, that's the beauty of it. You can scale it to any size you want. You can add segments to the bottom to carry anything you want. The initial design is about the same length and height as the Shuttle — about 40 metres.

PH: Will you be the test pilot?

McBride: Yes, I'll certainly volunteer for it if they want me to.

PH: There's talk of colonising Mars. Will it happen in our lifetime?

McBride: You can't just up and go any day you want to. If we decided tomorrow, it would take ten or 15 years of technology to develop what we would need to send six or eight people. The biggest problem you've got to overcome is the same one we've got here on Earth. You've got to develop a closed-loop ecological sys-

tem. That is, no waste.

It's going to take a year to get there and a year to get back and you don't want to go over and just spend the day. You're looking at spending a month, two months, perhaps half a year on the surface. That's a pretty long voyage and you can't carry enough food and water for six people for two-and-a-half years on any kind of spacecraft we have or we could design in the future. What we have to do is recycle everything.

PH: So when might we go to Mars?

McBride: There's another consideration. The planets are on a 12- to 14-year cycle where they're close together and then they drift to the other end of the solar system in their orbit round the Sun. So you want to launch for Mars when the travelling time is the shortest. So I think the next time we're closest is 2003 and we're not going to make that one.

The next chance is around 2015. We have a group of astronauts and cosmonauts — everyone who has ever flown in space since Yuri Gagarin — and we come together every year to talk about it and to promote the peaceful exploration of space. One of our goals is a joint effort to Mars. It shouldn't be just Americans or Soviets — maybe neither. Perhaps it should be people from the Third World countries manning this vehicle. We certainly think it should be a joint effort of all the people on Earth. 

Australian

PENTHOUSE

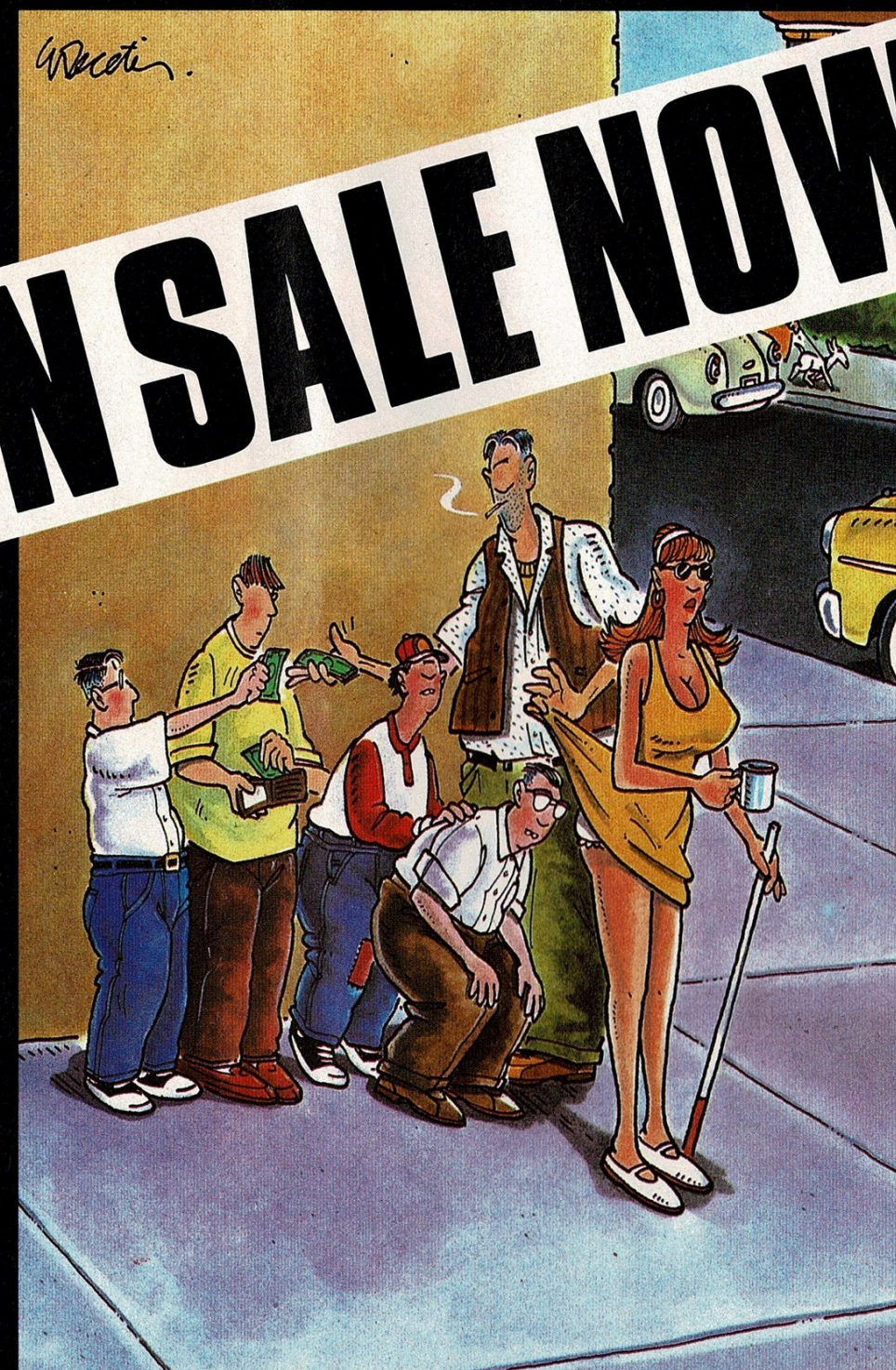
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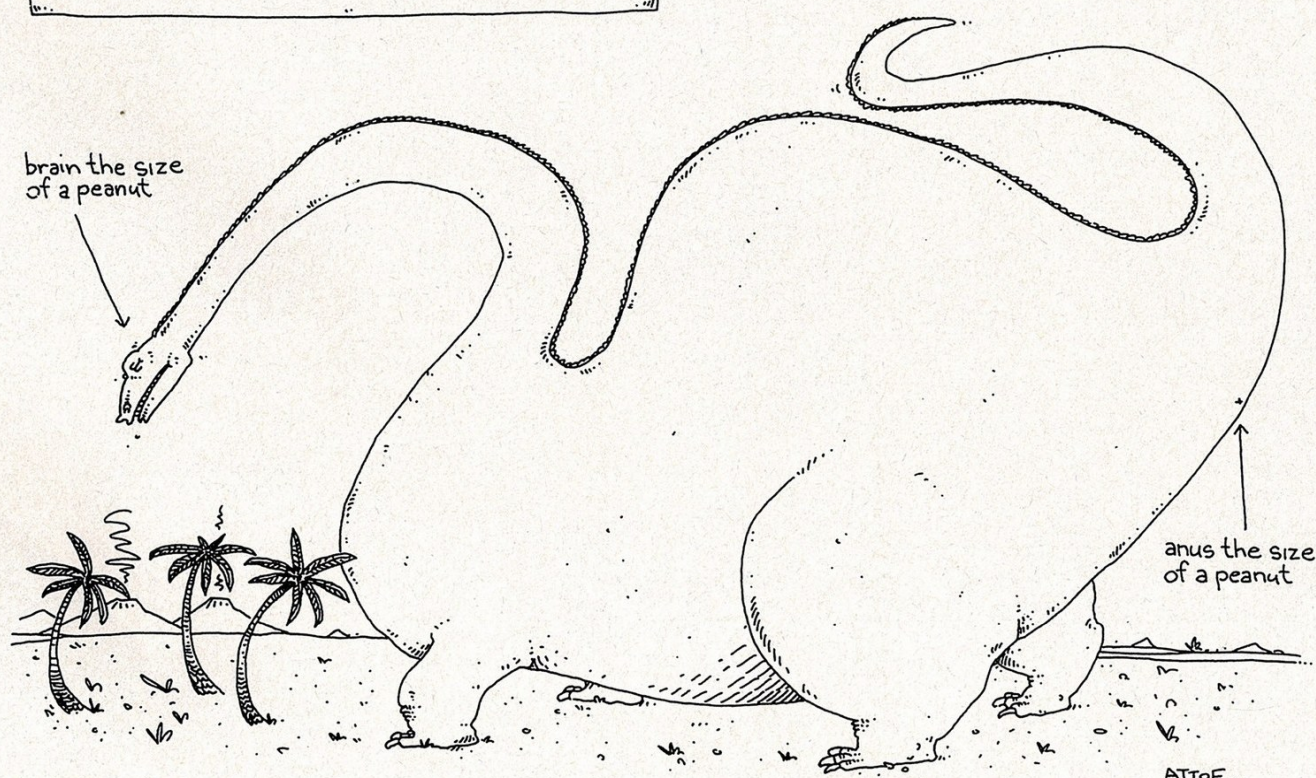
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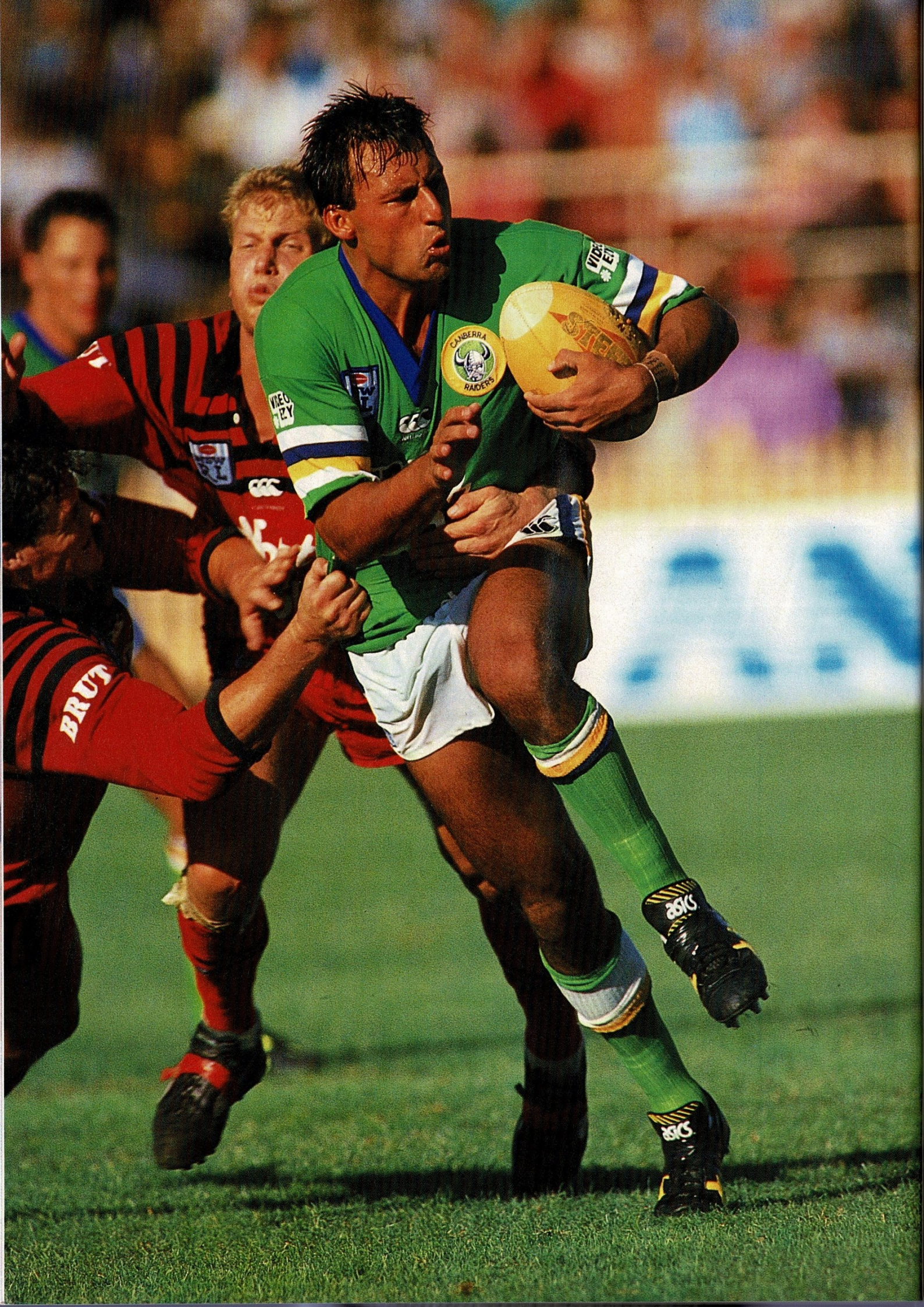
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WHY THE DINOSAUR BECAME EXTINCT





P R O F I L E

**Laurie Daley, Rugby
League's larrikin high
achiever, has the world
at his feet**

PROFILE BY RICHARD MCKINNON

Laurie Daley was having trouble seeing. It was nearly midday and the Canberra September weather was typical — cool and sunny. But Laurie's sunglasses were riveted to his face for another reason. He was pissed out of his brain. And he was having a great deal of trouble focusing on what people were saying to him.

Someone gave him a Raiders T-shirt and told him to put it on over his normal clothes. He wondered why, but hey, what the hell. This was the day after Canberra had won the Grand Final. He and his mates were at the Queanbeyan home of the Raiders, getting ready for the motorcade into town.

Things seemed to be happening slowly. Or very quickly, he wasn't that sure. About 9am someone told him to get into the convertible. He did. Maybe he shouldn't have had that 28th beer. Maybe Ricky and Glenn and him and some of the others — Christ, what others? Well, whoever it was, they shouldn't have drunk all night. But

trumpCARD

they were the champions, weren't they? Didn't they deserve it? Hadn't they worked for it?

And now, didn't they have to front the civic reception in downtown Canberra before all the cheering fans? And wasn't he tired? And stuffed. But this was a buzz. And now the car was moving and he was waving to people he saw. And they waved back. Did he feel good? Yes, he felt good. But pissed, too.

Someone said: "Lift up the trophy, mate!" and so he did. Except, shit, it was heavy. And he didn't quite have a grip on it and it was sitting on the back of the car and someone gunned the car and the next thing he knew, he had dropped it. Out of the back of the car and on to the road. Which all the TV camera crews picked up. Well! Didn't that get some of them excited. But hey, did he care? No way. He and his mates were the champions. And what was a trophy between friends. And besides, it was easier to carry in three bits.

And so they carried on. And now, today, can Laurie remember much about that day? Nope.

Except that in football-mad Canberra, that day and every day since, there were thousands of people slapping him on the back and wanting to touch him and wanting to be, well, with him, to be touched a little, or a lot, by whatever magic Laurie Daley carries around with him.

Even when he's pissed.

December two years later and the Raiders have just started the heavy conditioning phase of their build-up. Twice premiers, once runner-up in the preceding three years, the team is also rebuilding after allegations of financial mismanagement.

The first bloke through the door is Daley. "Hiya, Timmy," he says to his coach, Tim Sheens. Four hours later he's the last weary body dragging back out again. "Seeya, Timmie," he calls, after lifting more weight than the average wharfie sees in a month.

So Tim Sheens is adamant. "He's very, very dedicated to this sport and he's one of the top athletes this country's got." Sheens is like the big brother Laurie never had. He tries to keep Daley walking the narrow path of normality. Why? Because, he says, any player who has played in three Grand Final sides, two of them Premiership sides, who is associated with a fourth, who was selected for the past two years of State of Origin football, who has been on a Kangaroo tour and holds down the Australian five-eighth Test jumper must be an exceptional Rugby League player. But throw in that the player is only 22 and jaws drop. Daley is still young, and Sheens is attempting to protect him.



Inadvertently, he sings Daley's praises: "It just doesn't come naturally to be a superstar and there's a lot of football in front of him before he can be considered that. He has to stay healthy, his attitude has to remain consistent and even though he has the talent, it's only towards the end of his career we'll be able to say yes or no about the absolute peaks."

"I mean look at Gasnier, Raper or Fulton. They played in eight or nine Grand Finals. It's what Laurie wants to achieve, what his goal is, that's important."

But it's indicative that, quite unprompted, Sheens uses the word "superstar." And Don Furner, Daley's first Raiders coach and former Australian coach, doesn't hesitate: "He's already a great player because whenever he plays, something happens. Simple as that."

The *Sydney Morning Herald's* chief League writer, John Macdonald, admits: "He's the sort of guy that Roy Masters and I were discussing one day as being one of the four or five best ever. Best ever. I mean, that's rating him pretty highly already."

But Daley himself merely shakes his head slowly in disbelief at some things that are happening to him. He still can't comprehend the money that (British team) Wigan offered him in the off season.

"Mate, you couldn't believe what Morris

Weekes offered. What? Nah, not 300, more; yeah, over 500. Probably more like \$600,000. For a season. Incredible."

But Daley turned it down. He wanted to keep on playing for Australia. "I like playing for the green and gold," he explains. "It's the ultimate for me."

And while he probably wouldn't tell his League club secretary this, rugby pays him more than enough. There's only so much money that he can make and use (isn't there?) and now that he earns pretty much a fair whack, why worry about too much more?

His sister Margaret says: "Laurie never wanted for anything so he has no idea at all about money. As long as he's got enough, he's okay."

Don Furner, laughing, recounts that in 1985 he signed Laurie up for Canberra for the succeeding three years for a paltry \$4000, \$8000 and \$12,000 a year. "One of my best bargains ever, wouldn't you say?"

But they renegotiated. And this year, despite all the off-field drama of salary caps, sackings and allegations of cheating, Laurie decided to stay in Canberra for \$150,000 to \$200,000, although he took at 15-percent pay cut.

He has signed for one year — 1992. "I just wanted to see how this new team turns out, see how we settle down after all



Laurie Daley plays hard both on the field and off it. Far left, at full-time with mud; left, in full flight for the Raiders.

that's happened. I don't want to play anywhere else, but I would if it doesn't work out."

Last year, while Canberra was playing Manly, Daley hurt his ankle. The '91 semis were only three weeks away and the Raiders were still in the longboat, rowing bloody hard just to get the chance to defend their title. Daley went over on his ankle and it hurt like hell.

A couple of days later he secretly had it X-rayed. There was a hairline fracture, but he didn't tell anyone. Even today, in his 22-year-old innocence, he thinks he fooled everyone.

But he didn't. Tim Sheens knew. As soon as he saw Laurie, he realised something was wrong. Especially as Daley didn't do another day's training until the Grand Final, although he was picked every week. In every match Laurie went through the same brutal routine of three

painkillers per leg before the game, topped up with a couple more at half-time. And these little suckers hurt like hell. It would have been easier to pull out.

But because he likes playing, because he didn't want to let his team mates down, Laurie played every match. It amounted to just under a third of the season. The year before, during the Kangaroo tour, he played every match with an injured shoulder. He couldn't lift his arm up, so they pumped him full of needles then, too — five shots on some nights.

His sister, Margaret, is a nurse. "I've never seen or heard of anyone doing anything in so much pain and needing so many painkillers week after week. I told him that, but he just said to shut up."

Says Furner: "If I ring him to check his availability for an Australian side, he always says he'll be there, he'll make it. He's a bloke who never wants to miss anything."

October 1990: Laurie and some of his new football mates are going out for an evening. The Kangaroos have been in England for a week. He's only had seven or so days to get to know some of the guys, but they are mates now because they're in his team. So when one of them gets into trouble, it doesn't matter that it's only one week after arriving in the UK for a

highly prized Kangaroo tour, or that Laurie's the most valuable and expensive five-eighth in League, or whatever; without thinking, he wades in to help. And breaks his hand, which threatens his place on the tour.

"Not that he's the violent sort, but a mate's a mate, even if it's someone he's only known a week," says Tim Sheens dryly.

Loyalty and being one of the boys in the team are important to Daley. "Pick him for country, then for NSW, then for Australia and he does his absolute best for each of those instant team mates each time," says Sheens. "He's there, so he stands by them. What's more, because he's not a keep-to-yourself person he's a very important part of building those teams."

So when the singing starts after the game, there's Laurie. When the horseplay or the practical jokes or the action are on, he's there. If someone goes a dare, he's in it.

Wagga Wagga is brutally cold. Laurie is in bed with only his eyes showing, the covers pulled high. It is 6.45 in the evening. At 7.30, Daley will play for Australia for the first time. Yet because he has heard stories about the French being easy beats, he is reluctant to crawl out of bed.

"He was so talented that he was representing Australia when he was still just a boy ..."

Finally he takes a very hot shower, gets some gear on. Barely 30 minutes before the match he leaves for the ground. He does a bit of a warm-up.

And it feels strange as he runs on, despite waiting for this day seemingly for ever. Laurie was an Easts supporter and remembers all the old games, even in the days of black-and-white TV. He loved watching all sports and would take a sickie from school whenever a cricket Test was played on a Friday.

That night, Australia wins against France by 40 or something to nil. But more importantly, it is the start of a long Test career for Daley. It's a career that builds on his broken-field running, the animal instinct that spots a developing hole and gets him into and out of it, the cut-out passes, the kicks, the sheer brilliance of an ears-pinned-back-and-dash-down-field approach. Daley's greatest asset is that as a team mate he is peerless, but as an individual talent he is extraordinary.

He is not a mean player, but he is hard. "I try and get on top of the other player. I try and win and I go all out to do it." So, if he has to, he will flatten anyone for a try, will hit up relentlessly in defence. He wants to be everywhere, doing everything.

"I used to think Ron Gibbs was a

madman, but I learnt one day what he was on about, just like Gary Freeman, who's maybe a bit over the top. But that's the way they play the game, hard all the way."

"The rich are different," Scott Fitzgerald once said to his buddy Ernest Hemingway. He meant that they have a way of life that is over the top because they don't know any limits or bounds. Well neither does Laurie Daley. He was born blessed with a personality that overflows. That means you can't even begin to understand or discuss him without the words "party boys" coming up. Although others use the term "animal", and laugh.

The *Sydney Morning Herald's* MacDonald says Daley is lucky. "In England the tabloids would have ripped him apart with the stories that have circulated, whether true or false."

Stories? There are so many and everyone has a favorite.

"Mate, sometimes I don't even recognise me in them. And other times I wasn't anywhere near what they say went on," says a surprised Daley, his eyes rolling a little. But he also smirks: "I mean, sure mate, I like a beer or two but nothing serious any more. But yeah, when I was a bit younger I really used to get into it, like, start drinking all Thursday night, then finish work Friday, so start again four o'clock and go through to five or six in the

morning and then get up, say, lunchtime. Saturday night start again and go until four or five. Sunday, then go all Sunday night until morning. Of course, that was in the off season." As if that explains it all.

"But footy season a couple of times I'd go Friday night then again Saturday night till five or six, and like, we're talking 20 beers or so, on the night before a game, during '88 and '89, you know." Which, possibly, his coach didn't.

"I used to wake up on Sunday at midday feeling a bit scared, a bit shaky, thinking, gee, I could be crook today."

Even thinking about Daley's behavior, Tim Sheens despairs. Then he reflects: "No, despair isn't the right word. I mean, um, well, look, what you can't do is put a 30-year-old head on 19-year-old shoulders. The thing is that he's so talented he was playing up in that league and representing Australia and he was still just a boy. In some ways he still is."

"His life is a ball," says Don Furner. "He's the ultimate likeable larrikin. He doesn't do anything to be malicious, he just enjoys himself."

And Daley says: "Now that I'm 22 I've really settled down a lot. It's not so much maybe, you know, Friday night or Saturday night. I mean, mate, I still go out and have a party, but only one night a week, Saturday night. I mean, I was just getting into too much trouble doing all that."

"I noticed a change in Laurie when I came back from overseas at the beginning of this year," his sister, Margaret, says thoughtfully. "He'd calmed down, maybe matured."

Maybe he'd realised that even footballers with billionaire talents need to look after their precious resources, manage their inheritance. And perhaps, like any other 22-year-old, Daley is just starting to mature.

That won't come quickly enough for some people. Witness the most celebrated incident of them all. It's the one people whisper about, snigger about. One they exaggerate.

The Raiders' '89 win created immediate mayhem in the dressing room. Bodies were packed in like sardines, beer cans were flying, beer spraying everywhere, the mood wild and infectious. Laurie was standing on a table without a shirt on when suddenly, with a big, toothy grin, he yelled: "Garry Coyne bet I wouldn't do this!" With that he dropped his daks, half-closed his fist and made a wanking gesture.

"It was only pretend," he says two years later, shifting in his seat, knowing he was just fooling around. Except that Bob Hawke was there, and half the world's press and a whole bunch of hangers on. He didn't think. He was just being an exuberant 19-year-old footballer. And yet that boisterous gesture suddenly became the story that everyone told. And turned

into video highlights for the TV stations' Christmas bloopers. At the National Press Club. In Parliament House.

At her home in Junee, his mother Frances locked herself away in her room and cried.

One unpleasant mid-season Canberra night, cold and wet, Laurie gets home from training. The last match was rough. Training was tough. He hurts and he is tucked out. His sister Roslyn cooks his dinner. He eats it sitting on the lounge watching TV, his body aching all over. Then, slowly, so slowly that the best five-eight in the world and so-called party primer, the man who never stops, doesn't really notice, his mouth slowly opens, his head tilts back and he falls flat asleep. He snores occasionally. Eventually at 12.30 he wakes up, finds no-one else around, turns off the TV and goes to bed. Another night in the life of a footy star has hit the dust.

"The work he puts in and the discipline he shows at practice is incredible," says Tim Sheens, "and he doesn't think he shouldn't be coached. He's a very level-headed guy."

"Everyone thinks it's a glamorous lifestyle, but it's not," says Daley. "You're always training and you get so tired and you have to give up so much of your social life, especially after Christmas. Like, it's a Sunday-night drink and that's it."

Another night he goes out to eat. The food arrives — a steaming plate of steak and vegetables. The beer is cold, Laurie is ravenous. Then he hears someone off to one side say: "Eh, Laurie, gee, I thought you guys played well last Sunday." He thinks, get stuffed, can't you see I'm eating? But he tries to be pleasant.

Except that this guy wants to talk for half an hour about football. Laurie's irritated. Especially since he has a girl with him. But then around Canberra you don't get much peace, much privacy, if you're a Raider star. "It's like a big country town," says Laurie.

Once he started making money, a lot of people thought Daley was a soft touch. And of course he was. "Yes, he got taken advantage of," says a weary and obviously annoyed Tim Sheens. "This last year, too."

Others are protective, like Barrie Coles who, looking for a sales rep for his removals company, took a call from a mate who said he had just the man. It was Laurie. Now Barrie enjoyed seeing the Raiders win, "but he'd be hard pressed to name more than five football players", says Laurie.

Yet once together, Barrie noticed that Laurie generated enormous attention. Canberra acquaintances would mention it. Customers and clients were pleased to be dealing with Laurie. Barrie started to think he had picked a winner.

"I've had so many comments," he says.

"The thing is, he doesn't talk football at work, he's not flashy and I wouldn't have him here if he was. He's a real level-headed bloke who mixes incredibly well."

Junee is a small, dusty town just out of Wagga Wagga. Typically country NSW, there's not much to do, not much to talk about. Laurie Daley grew up in Junee. His Dad, a train driver, was away more than at home, so Laurie's strong, tough mother called the shots. Junee is where his seven sisters are. And as proud of him as they are they're still quick to get into him over anything they don't like. As proud of him as they are quick to get into him over anything they don't like.

Today the TV sports show is on. Daley sees it and starts to ask about sports stars. "Hey, how do you rate them one to ten on the fat scale?" Laurie is now pathological about getting fat.

"Oh, eight," they say for Bradley Clyde or Ricky Stuart.

"What about me?" says Laurie.

"Three, maybe four," they wind him up. And so he gets cranky, goes off and sulks. But not for long, he can't — they're his sisters.

Nothing ever came hard for Daley. He was never belted as a kid. He was good at sports, good in the classroom, if he tried, although he admits he's no scholar. He never wanted for anything and so money never meant anything.

One day recently Laurie went to a Raiderettes function. A girl with muscular dystrophy, in a wheelchair, had joined the Raiderettes and she was there too. Out of the corner of his eye, Laurie noticed the odd problem with her hands. He plonked himself down next to her: "Hey, I suppose you'll want me to feed you, next, will ya?" he joked.

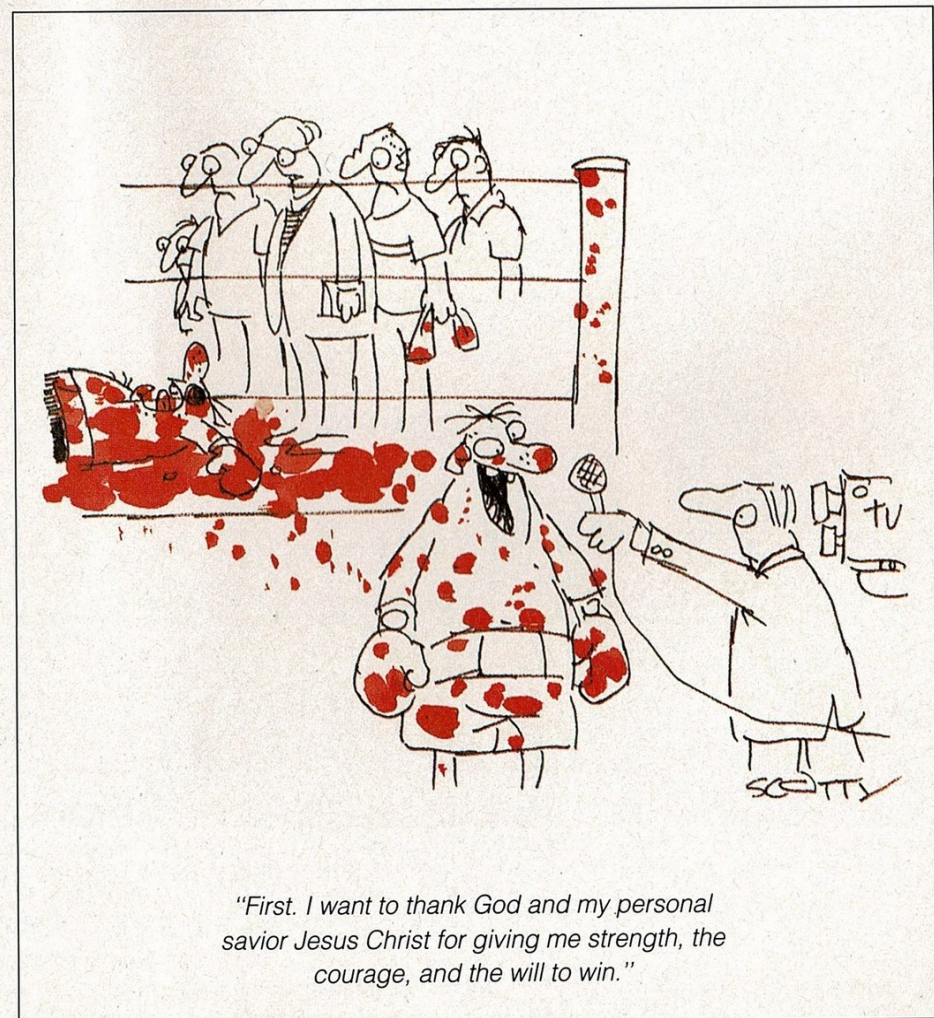
"Yeah," she joked back. "What do you think I asked you here for?"

Quite unselfconsciously, Laurie was good for the rest of the lunch, helping her with her knife and fork, buttering the bread, holding the glass and doing whatever else was needed. He didn't care about how it looked. He handled the situation his way, ignoring the usual footballers-couldn't-give-a-stuff attitude. It impressed because it was genuine and generous.

That country quality makes him the hardest, straightest player on the football field.

The one who plays to win and yet has no enemies. The bloke who grabs attention because he is a real human being, quite without the artificial image of most pro footballers.

And, as his team mates tell him, he's still the only bloke to have ever broken Arthur Summons' arm and Norm Provan's leg in one hit. That's quite a legend to bear at 22. 



MOVEABLE FEAST



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

Laminah, 24, has worked all over the world as a cordon-bleu chef. "People say Australians do not appreciate good food, but this is simply not true. I find Australians very receptive to a sensual meal."



"Food is the most important part of life," explains Laminah, "There is an art in creating a perfect meal, one must consider texture, color combinations and, most importantly, flavor. Eating is not merely obtaining sustenance, but a sensory experience, akin to making love." Making love? "Yes, food is very sexual. I find good food exciting — I'd even say erotic." Is food more exciting than men? "No, not at all. Exquisite food makes a perfect entree to sex. Didn't you see *9½ Weeks*?"





advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Panties fetish

I'm beginning to worry about my boyfriend. When we started our relationship sex was normal and exciting. As time went on Alan started to ask me to wear underwear to heighten his excitement. First he asked me to leave my panties on while we had sex. This didn't worry me, and I actually found it exciting. Then, as time went on, he started to buy me exotic panties to wear during our love-making. Being pretty liberal minded, I didn't object.

Now though, when I try to initiate sex, he insists that I put a pair of panties on, otherwise he cannot get an erection. I get upset by this fact and I feel it's starting to affect our relationship. Has he got a problem? Is it my fault? What can we do?

Firstly, it's not your fault at all. Your boyfriend has developed a fetish for underwear. People have been known to develop fetishes for everything from leather handbags to rubber sheets. Sometimes people have a sexual preference. A true fetish is when, as with your boyfriend, a man can't become aroused without the fetish object at hand. Beyond that, it normally doesn't inhibit sexual performance. In fact, it can make sex better. All the same, it sounds as though your boyfriend's fetish is harming your relationship.

You may find you can solve the problem by openly discussing your concerns with your boyfriend. If he's worried about it too, treatment exists for fetishism in the form of psychotherapy or aversion therapy. However, he might want to train himself out of it first. Or he might just want to keep things the way they are, in which case you have a decision to make.

Suspicious mind

I think my wife is having an affair. She often comes home smelling of sweat, alcohol and sex. Then she denies she has



a woman who's been faking it for any length of time, because she is confronted with having to confess not only what she might feel is sexual inadequacy, but dishonesty as well. If she doesn't appear to be having earth-shattering orgasms, you might try to find out what really gets her going. Try various techniques. See if she'll masturbate for you. Don't push her, though. Talk about it. Treat it as experimental fun.

If you're dealing with a woman who's deliberately faking and putting on a good act, then you might not be able to tell at all. Women can fake it right down to the vaginal contractions, though why they do remains a mystery. If that's the case, it's up to your girlfriend to take responsibility for her own pleasure; if she's unwilling or unable to be honest with you, then it's her business. There's only so much you can do.

Mr Skin

I've just finished reading your November Black Label edition. I think the addition of male models is an excellent idea. However, so far every male that has appeared has been circumcised. Is there a reason for this? If not, why is this so, as the majority of men nowadays are staying uncircumcised, like myself. I feel enhances the beauty of the penis and also gives greater sensitivity and arousal during sexual contact and intercourse. Could you clarify this for me? I could even pose for you if you can't find anyone.

Often enough it's the photographer (and they vary) who approves the models, so it depends on individual tastes. There's no reason why uncircumcised men can't pose. There's still a belief around Australia that circumcised men are "cleaner" and that women prefer them that way. Surveys have shown that women in fact don't mind at all, as long as the cock in question knows how to behave. As for posing — we really don't have a problem finding models, and mostly use professionals. Innumerable Aussie males say: "Whoaah, we'd like to pose for Penthouse, oh boy!" But try getting them to drop their jeans and produce a major hard-on — and keep it — in front of girls, make-up

been out and refuses to offer any reason why she is in such a state. Sometimes when she's taking a phone call and I walk in the room, she hangs up quickly. When I quiz her about what's going on, she skirts the subject of laughs at the suggestion of an extramarital affair. I'm sure she is having an affair and I don't think she'll end it. I love her madly but I feel like an idiot hanging around waiting for her to come to her senses. I am at a loss for what to do.

It certainly sounds as if something is going on, although it is impossible to tell on the strength of your letter. The best course of action you can take is to get the thing out in the open. Confront your wife with your suspicions and demand the truth. If she is having an affair, you must decide what you want to do. If she doesn't want to end her affair, you should face the fact that the relationship is simply not working, and leave.

Looking for clues

How can you tell if a girl is having real orgasms? Sometimes I don't know if my girlfriend has come at all, even though she says she has. She sometimes makes a lot of noise, but she seems to remain hyper and doesn't wind down after coming, like some women do. Sometimes I wonder if she's just saying she does to please me. I'd rather she told me what really turns her on. I want to be able to satisfy her.

It's sometimes quite difficult to tell. Even more difficult is to broach the subject with

artists, camera crews and hangers on. Most have bolted for cover before the lens caps have been removed.

To chop or not to chop

After the birth of our first child, my wife started urging me to take over the responsibility of contraception. She insists she has been the one doing all the work and now it is my turn. I can't stand using rubbers so I thought maybe I should be sterilised. I'm worried though, because I was told it will lower my sex drive. Is that true?

In short, no. A vasectomy is a relatively simple surgical operation which severs the ducts connecting the testis to the seminal vesicle and the urethra. It does not affect sexual desire or potency. It is, however, a permanent form of contraception. I suggest you consider this and re-evaluate your stance on condoms.

The hots

I'm 42 and am the manager of a big workshop. I have a wife and two kids and although things have slowed down sex-wise after 14 years of marriage, we've been a happy family. But I have this problem. A new secretary started in the office a couple of months back and lately she's been giving me a big come-on. I'm aware of harassment and don't want to know about her on that level. But I've become

obsessed by her. I can't stop thinking about her. If she walks past and I smell her perfume I nearly go ape. She makes me sweat. I dream about her at night. I masturbate a lot more than usual, thinking about her. I can't concentrate on my job. She knows she has some effect on me, but I think I've managed to hide the worst of it. I feel like a bloody adolescent. What the hell do I do?

Unless you're prepared to split your family and lose your job, you'd better just bite the bullet. These infatuations often pass within a few weeks, anyway. Are you sure she's giving you a come-on? Sexual harassment works both ways, and she's got no more right to hassle men in the office than they do her.

Long shot

Usually, when I masturbate the semen just spills out over my hand. The other night, though, while masturbating over Penthouse something weird happened. I was a lot more excited than usual and as I masturbated I became more and more aroused to a point where I thought I'd explode. Then, when I came, spunk shot out eight, maybe ten feet to the ceiling. Is this weird? I'm worried something is wrong with me.

Wow. No, not weird, just excited. At least



you didn't mess up the pages of your Penthouse. Or did you?

Good vibrations

I have been in a steady relationship for just over a year in which my girlfriend and I enjoy great spontaneous and kinky sex. Our latest episodes have left me feeling a little concerned. During our lovemaking we are using a vibrator to stimulate each other's anuses and I've grown attached to this bedmate because it increases the pleasure of my orgasms. My girlfriend finds it very stimulating as well and now it has become a regular part of our sex life. Would prolonged use of a vibrator in this way be harmful?

Unless you're seriously into pain, you can take it that as long as it's pleasurable and not unpleasant, it's okay. Your body will usually let you know pretty quickly if something is wrong. You need to be careful if using a vibrator anally that you don't then use it on your girlfriend's vagina or clitoris without cleaning it, as shit-associated bacteria can cause genital and urinary infections.

Battle of the bulge

Maybe you can help me! I am 22 years old and have a steady girlfriend. We've been going out for 12 months and everything is great. The only problem is that every time I kiss her, or put my arms around her or just even hold her hand, I get a full-on erection. Could it be the fact that I masturbate three to four times a week, although only one of those sessions might be about her? Please help me find a cure to stop my embarrassing bulge.

Yeah, well are you having sex with your girlfriend? You don't mention it and all your other signs — being heavily turned on by the merest contact, masturbating — indicate that perhaps you aren't. Or aren't getting enough of it. You could masturbate more (you won't go blind) if that's your only option. But the best cure for a bulge is lots of sex.

If you're already having lots of sex, and masturbating, and still getting a bothersome number of erections as well, then you must be very turned on by her and also have a high sex drive. Wear loose trousers and don't be embarrassed. An erection is a compliment. ☺



"I think this one says it pretty good . . ."

FREUDIAN SLIP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

As a clinical psychologist 25-year-old Annie knows a lot about the human psyche. "There's two traits that I detest in men: egotism and selfishness. I respect selfless men who know their own potential but don't flaunt it. I find that type of man the most stimulating."







Annie, 36-24-36, is not reticent about appearing in *Penthouse*. "I am not ashamed of my body, nor am I embarrassed to display it. I think if men were a little less bashful about their bodies and their sexuality, the world would be much more pleasing . . . I mean pleasant."







kennedy theory

Continued from page 70

The "Never turn your back on a Russian" theory

Whodunit:

Nikita Khrushchev.

Rationale:

Kennedy was taking a strong stance against the spread of Communism. Oswald was an American agent assigned to Russia. There he was convinced to become a triple agent with the assignment of a lifetime: kill Kennedy in Dallas.

LTDCTA factors:

1) Oswald went to the American Embassy in Moscow and told officials that he was passing classified information to the Russians, possibly concerning the mega-secret U2 spy planes. At this point the Russians were extremely interested in U2s. Files exist concerning Oswald's involvement with U2s.

2) In Minsk, Oswald moved around freely, had a nice apartment, a Soviet hunting license, fucked a lot of girls and received money from the Soviet secret police (the MVD). These privileges are extremely uncommon for your average Joe-Smoe defector.

3) Minsk was a known training ground for spies.

4) Oswald's Soviet wife, Marina, was from a family that had ties to the secret police. Some believe that she was a KGB agent.

5) J. Edgar Hoover admitted to the Warren Commission that he was told that Oswald was a possible Soviet spy.

6) In 1964 Yuri Nosenko of the Soviet KGB defected to America. He talked of Oswald and the fact that the Soviets felt he was crazy. The question surfaces: Was Nosenko for real, or was he a Soviet plant whose job was to convince American officials that Russia had no part in Kennedy's assassination?

Intelligent Quote:

"The Russia theory would make a great Tom Clancy book. Maybe Alec Baldwin or William Hurt could play Oswald, and wouldn't Michelle Pfeiffer make a dashing Marina?"

Required Reading:

Legend: *The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, Edward Jay Epstein (Readers Digest Press, 1978).

Theory Rating: **

The French stickler theory

Whodunit:

French Secret Army Organisation terrorist Jean Souetre.

Rationale:

Kennedy was an advocate for Algerian independence from France, even if the Secret Army Organisation (composed mainly of French soldiers) was against such liberation. French President Charles de Gaulle decided to give Algeria its independence in 1962. Another theory suggests that French mobster Souetre and his company were hired by the mob to bump off Kennedy.

LTDCTA factors:

1) While in the army and stationed in France, Dr Lawrence Alderson of Houston, Texas, encountered Souetre around 1963. After the assassination, the FBI hounded Lawrence as they searched for Souetre because they felt he was either a part of the killing or knew those that were.

2) There's a photo of Oswald with a man who looks like Souetre.

3) Former intelligence agent and Corsican mob member Christian David

claimed that three French assassins were paid in heroin and had ties with intelligence agencies in America.

4) Texan Gordon Arnold was strolling on the grassy knoll prior to Kennedy's arrival in Dealey Plaza. Two men told him to scam. In 1988 Arnold examined a grainy photograph of the grassy knoll area and saw shapes of two men that he believes were the men who confronted him. The one dressed as a cop, commonly called "Badgeman" in conspiracy circles, seems to be firing a rifle. US investigator Steve Rivele believes that Badgeman is French contract killer/drug trafficker Lucien Sarti, along with Sauveur Pironit and Roger Bocognani, all hired by the Mafia.

Intelligent quote:

"Ce la est vrai Gordon Arnold senti une balle passer son oreille du cote du gazon. Apres l'assassination Badgeman avez le toupet d'arracher le camera Super-8 d'Arnold. Badgeman est surement de derivation Francais?"

Required Reading:

The Men Who Killed Kennedy, Steve Rivele (PBS Arts & Entertainment Network).

Theory Rating: **

Continued on page 104



"At least we lead the league in something. Twelve of our players are hooked on drugs."

ROMANCES with WOLVES



With a bold, independent streak and barrels of true grit, Diana left the security of home and set out for distant territories. Wanting to revel in the vastness of the plains and the majestic beauty of the mountains, she longed to see the frontier before it disappeared. Not long into her journey, Diana was surprised and a little frightened by a Sioux brave named Tizoc. He was also known as "Dancing Wolf," for he had the wolf's tracking abilities, and he moved with lupine grace. Under his touch, her fear turned to pleasure.

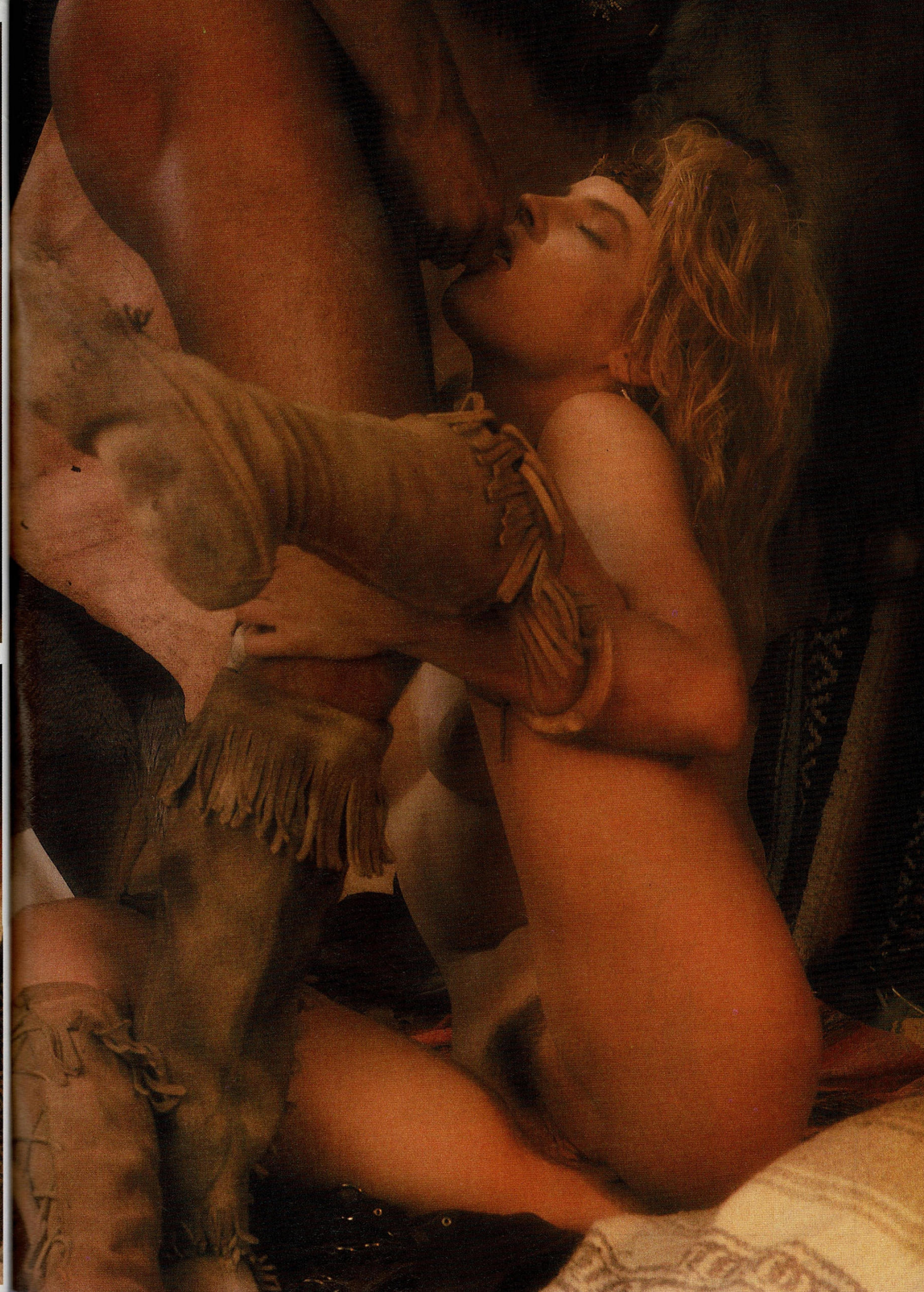


PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARL WACHTER, JR.



He spoke little English, she spoke no Lakota, but together they conversed in the ancient, universal language of nature. The frontier may have vanished long ago, but the spirit of their love lives on in the distant echo of a baying wolf.





kennedy theory

Continued from page 97

The War toy theory

Whodunit:

The military-industrial complex.

Rationale:

A cold war means a big bucks for those in the business of making weapons to defend the US. The men and women of the military-industrial complex believed that in order to be protected and ready for war, America should continuously produce military supplies and weapons, a high-quota sensibility that provided millions with jobs. Kennedy was interested in cutting military spending and ending the Cold War.

LTDCTA factors:

- 1) Kennedy wanted to end America's involvement in Vietnam.
- 2) In Dallas and elsewhere in the nation, it was standard procedure for local military intelligence to protect a visiting President. Forces in Dallas were told not to show up during Kennedy's visit.
- 3) En route from Dealey Plaza to the

police station after the assassination, Jack Revill, a lieutenant in the police force, was accompanied by an Army Intelligence officer. Revill had a list of employees from the Texas School Book Depository. Oswald's address was listed as "605 Elsbeth", an ancient address that he never gave his employers, but which appeared in a file at Military Intelligence.

4) On the day of the assassination Lt-Col Robert Jones got a call from Dallas military agents. They said that A.J. Hidell had been arrested in conjunction with Kennedy's death. Oswald had only used this alias twice: to order weapons and for Fair Play For Cuba activities. This suggests that: a) Oswald associated with Military Intelligence; or b) they had him under surveillance and set him up.

5) When the HSCA asked to see Military Intelligence's files on Oswald, they were told the files had been destroyed according to normal procedure.

Intelligent Quote:

"If some rivet-head killed Kennedy because of the damn Cold War, then they're sicker than I ever imagined them to be."

Required Reading:

Crossfire, The Plot That Killed Kennedy, Jim Marrs (Carroll & Graf, 1990)

Theory Rating: *1/2

The One is the loneliest nut theory

Whodunit:

Twenty-four-year-old New Orleans native Lee Harvey Oswald.

Rationale:

This loser and notorious wife-abuser had a baby and no money. He even failed in defecting to Russia, where he wrote in his diary: "I am starting to reconsider my desire about staying. The work is drab. The money I get has nowhere to be spent [sic]. No nightclubs or bowling alleys. I have had enough." Oswald was a crazy-as-hell nobody who wanted to go down in history as a crazy-as-hell somebody. Although the Warren Commission could not "ascribe to him any motive or group of motives", the day before the assassination he had a fight with his wife. Also, he had two courts martial coming up. Oswald freaked out when his honorable discharge was changed to dishonorable.

LTDCTA factors:

- 1) Oswald had a ninth-grade education.
- 2) In April '63 in Dallas, someone tried to kill US Army officer Major General Edwin Walker, an ultra-conservative. Oswald was suspected of being involved.
- 3) When he was 13 Oswald saw psychiatrist Rhenatus Hartogs, who concluded that the young Oswald wanted to fuck his own mother. Later it was reported that Dr Hartogs found it "significant that Oswald shot at both Kennedy and Tippit three times, since the number 'three' in psychoanalytic thinking symbolises the masculine genitals."
- 4) In 1962 Oswald wrote to Texas Governor John Connally, then Secretary of the Navy, concerning his dishonorable discharge. Oswald asked Connally to "repair the damage done to me and my family." Many theorists feel Oswald was trying to kill Connally instead of Kennedy.

Intelligent quote:

"Our society, not Lee Harvey Oswald, is to blame for Kennedy's death. What is the world coming to? Large doses of TV, rock 'n' roll and Madonna are turning our children in to psychopathic nuts!"

Required Reading:

Portrait of the Assassin, Gerald R. Ford with John Stiles (Simon & Schuster, 1965); *Marina and Lee*, Priscilla Johnson McMillian (Harper & Row, 1977); *Final Disclosure*, David Belin, (Scribners 1988).

Theory Rating: **** 



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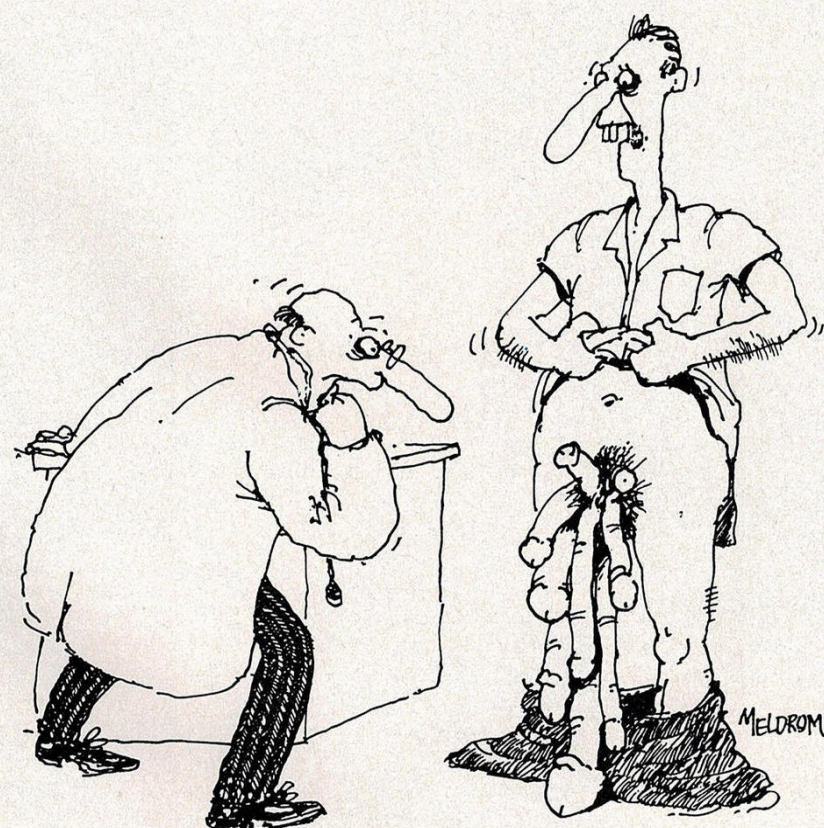
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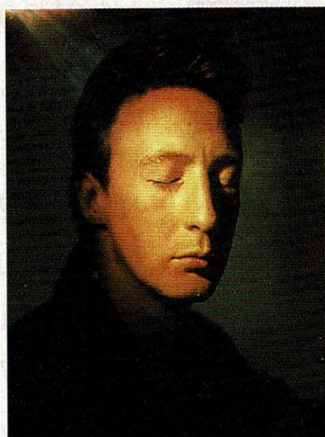
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OPENING UP TO THE WORLD



An open invitation (and advice) is offered by **Julian Lennon** to *Help Yourself* (Virgin) on his latest and most passionate plea for self-help. By the very nature of his birth and chosen career, he had huge expectations foisted on him by outside observers at a young age. In his early twenties he still managed a couple of pleasant, competent pop albums. The general ballyhoo arising from him being the son of John tended to cloud the fact that his writing and performing talents were still fairly green. With this latest effort he has found a new sense of maturity in terms of arrangement, lyrics and his own singing style. He has allowed himself as a writer to open up to the world at large and respond in a suitable manner. It's also possibly a realisation that the notion of an angry idealist is something of his birthright and he is also now more comfortable in musically acknowledging he is a flesh-and-blood descendent of the Beatles. "Heaven help the soul that's severed from the place where it belongs." The images are often less than cheery — "to search for the pearls . . . the children tied stones to their backs . . . streams of blood and broken bodies rose to the surface of the lagoon."

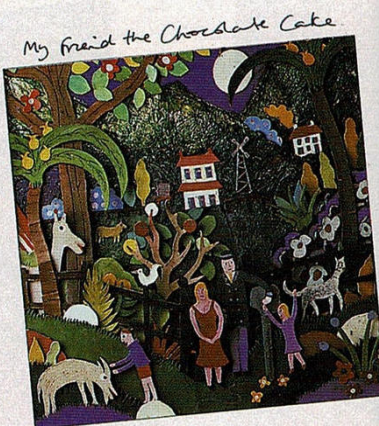
Michael Jackson has for years now been at the forefront of groove pop and, with producer Quincy Jones, has reigned over the charts. Probably the most *Dangerous*

(Epic) aspect of his latest offering is that he's decided to go it without Quincy and without the accompanying keen ear for songs. It is understandable that after a brace of unbelievably successful discs Jackson would want to vary the formula to promote a sense of artistic development and discovery. There are moments of drippy sentimentality like "Heal The World (make it a better place for you and for me and the entire human race)", while "Gone Too Soon" with its flute and light, chimy keys belongs on a Carpenters compilation. It's not all "haveaniceday" pop, as witnessed by the serious crotch grabbing in the "Black Or White" clip. He gets downright aggro and demanding on "Give In To Me", driven as it is by Guns'n'Roses guitarist Slash. A semi-religious fervor buoys up "Will You Be There" with its big choir and orchestra intro through to the naff, emotive, spoken conclusion. Pass the Kleenex and the bucket!

With *Soul Deep* (Mushroom) **Jimmy Barnes**, the Bowral Belter, finally realised a desire to pay tribute to material that inspired him from his early teens. He's trodden a rocky path for years but the torch he carried was for soul music. A dozen classics in that style are tackled with a passionate intensity by Barnes (as well as Jimmy Cliff's reggae-soul "Many Rivers To Cross") and with John Farnham on "When Something Is Wrong With My Baby." The small band he picked for this exercise are some of his rock regulars and some soul diehards. Done in his home studio, most tracks were recorded with very few vocal overdubs. Judicious amounts of sequencing have given the music a slightly angular feel compared to the soulful lope of many of the originals, but this is no mere jive buny soul greats. Barnsey

attacks the songs with a practised force and a love for the style. Still, despite the slicked-back hair and suit he is as boisterous and raucous as ever.

Dread Zeppelin assured themselves at least a two-album longevity by not bastardising the Led Zep theme hymn "Stairway To Heaven" until their second amalgam *5,000,000** (IRS) (**Tortelvis fans can't be wrong*). Coming from the land that begat Mr Presley, where irony is a four-letter word, the Dreads are a wacky gesture in any language. Unfortunately for them, this is one joke that has been told better and more comprehensively by that local quickwit Andrew Denton on "The Money Or The Gun." Over the weeks,



"Stairway" was climbed by many a stylistic purveyor from opera, the Doors, big-band swing and yes, dear Dreads, reggae. Who could even hope to top Detective Sergeant Leonard Teale intoning "to be a rock and not to roll" in didactic Banjo Patterson ease.

Enya floats on a cloud of her own making as she basks under *Shepherd Moons* (WEA). Once more singing in a mixture of Gaelic and ethereal English, she exudes the melancholy of the Irish and will light on your word with the grace of a morning mist.

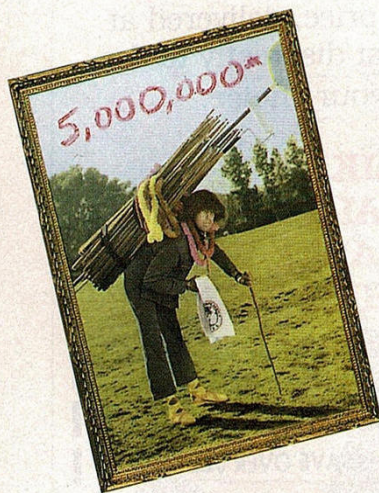
Acoustic grace also comes from *My Friend the Chocolate Cake* (WEA) — essentially an offshoot of Not Drowning Waving. Blessed with strings bowed and strummed, they meander the same byways the Triffids have strolled, even investing "Danny Boy" with some wistful beauty often bludgeoned out of it by smarmy lounge acts and drunken singalongs. — *Jeremy Cook*



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Clockwise from above: Wacky stuff from the Dreads; Julian Lennon grows up; meandering strings from *My Friend the Chocolate Cake*; and ethereal dreaming from Enya.

hedonist

Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

PLANE CRAZY

Everybody knows that being on the road makes you horny. Travelling is the greatest aphrodisiac in the world. That's why travelling-salesmen jokes are clichés. That's why sailors are world-renowned for being the most fuck-happy souls around.

There's a psychological reason for this. Once you step outside the bounds of your normal, everyday existence, you lose the social constraint that is keeping your libido in check. But the problem is, once you're away from home, you lose all idea of where to go to get laid.

You're in a strange town, you check into a strange

"Hullo, qu'est que c'est 'blowjob?'" you stutter, miming the action, and the bloke brings you a vacuum cleaner.

I remember perhaps the most embarrassing plane ride I ever took, some time ago. It was a flight to Sydney, actually, one of the those 16-hour journeys that rival Hannibal's crossing of the Alps. Midway through, even though I was already dead from exhaustion, I found my libido doing strange things. I began to visualise orgies of big-titted, well-oiled women, squirming along the aisles of the plane.

The fantasy evaporated as soon as I looked around at my fellow passengers. Most of them were asleep, their mouths hanging open, perhaps a

common fantasy, having a stewardess wake you when all the other passengers are asleep and sneak off with you to join the 8000-metre club. But the stews here were all chilly, ugly or both.

The two of us, me and my boner, got up and made our way to the john. If all else fails, there's always masturbation. Even the last guy on earth — if you imagine a hierarchy of all people ranked in order of sexual desirability — even the very last, most despicable, piece-of-shit human flotsam of the universe can still jerk off.

Which is about what I felt like when I crammed myself into the smelly aircraft john, my boner giving me even less room than normal.

Once inside, my eye happened to fall upon the tiny

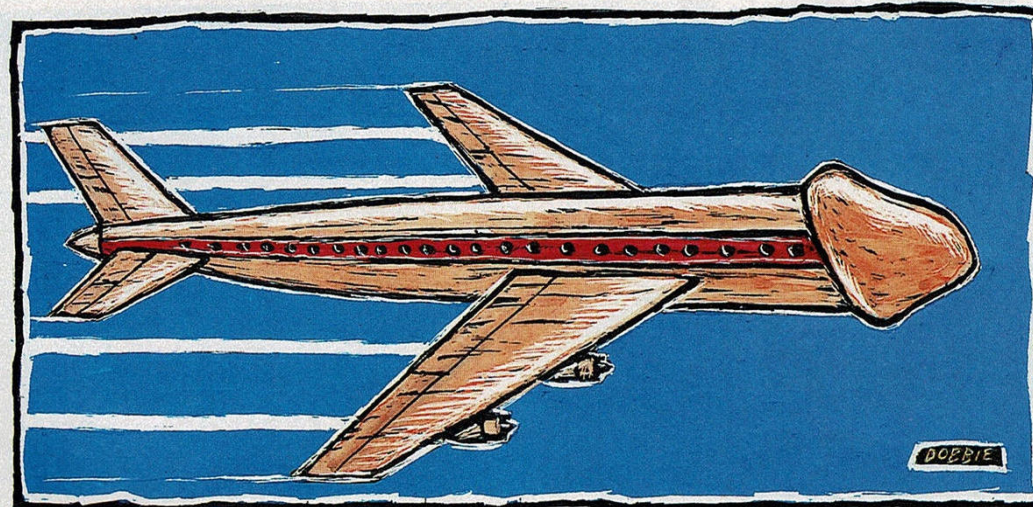
"I was welded to the napkin disposal unit of a plane flying at 8000 metres..."

hand didn't quite fit. I sat down on the lid of the toilet and contorted my body to get a better reach. I could almost touch it. With one last lurch I grabbed what felt like ragged cotton. But when I tried to retrieve it, I couldn't move.

I was stuck. I tried to push free, but only managed to get myself in further. I gulped and tried again. My hand and arm were slowly swelling to fill whatever remaining space there was in the chute. I was becoming welded to the sanitary napkin disposal unit of a plane flying 8000 metres above the Pacific Ocean. I began to sweat profusely. My hard-on was long gone.

I looked desperately at the button marked: "To Summon Help..."

Such are the predicaments of the lonely travelling hedonist. I managed to extricate myself from that one, using a little hand soap and the friendly ministrations of an ugly, chilly, but helpful stewardess. I explained to her that I had fallen and then become wedged. She looked at me like I had crawled out from under a rock. 



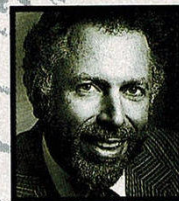
hotel, you plop your baggage down on the bed — and you realise you have a raging hard-on. If you were home, you would have long ago figured out the local hot spots. But in a strange town, who knows? The bellhop, who always has this kind of information in Hollywood films, half the time doesn't even speak English.

little crusty drool inching its way down their chins. The methane and common halitosis produced by a plane full of human beings on a trans-Pacific trip boggles the senses. It was like taking a trip to the moon in an outhouse.

Even so, my libido kept up its persistent tugging on my sleeve. I considered the flight attendants. Now, there's a

slot labelled "Sanitary Napkin Disposal." Normally this would not have elicited my attention, but like I said, I wasn't normal, I was beset by raging hormones. I gave myself the luxury of one peek into the slot. There, deep within the chute, I thought I could glimpse something white.

Some panties, perhaps?



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN HARROLL



Recession Obsession

Twenty-year-old Simone is an unemployed aerobics instructor. "I get a little bit of money doing casual work —sometimes I instruct, sometimes I do promotional work. But it doesn't pay that much — it's just enough to live on really."





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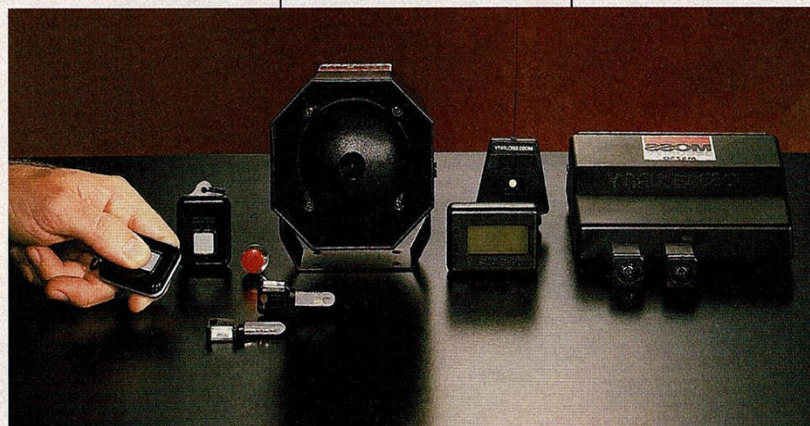
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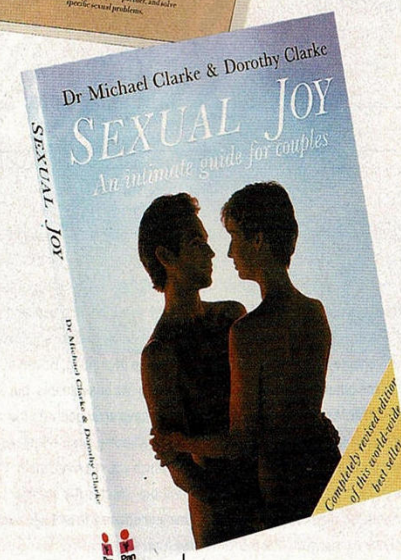
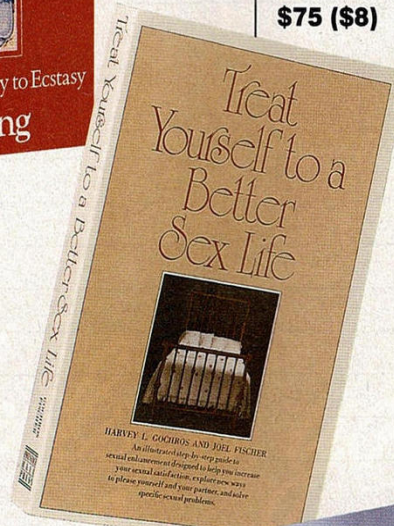
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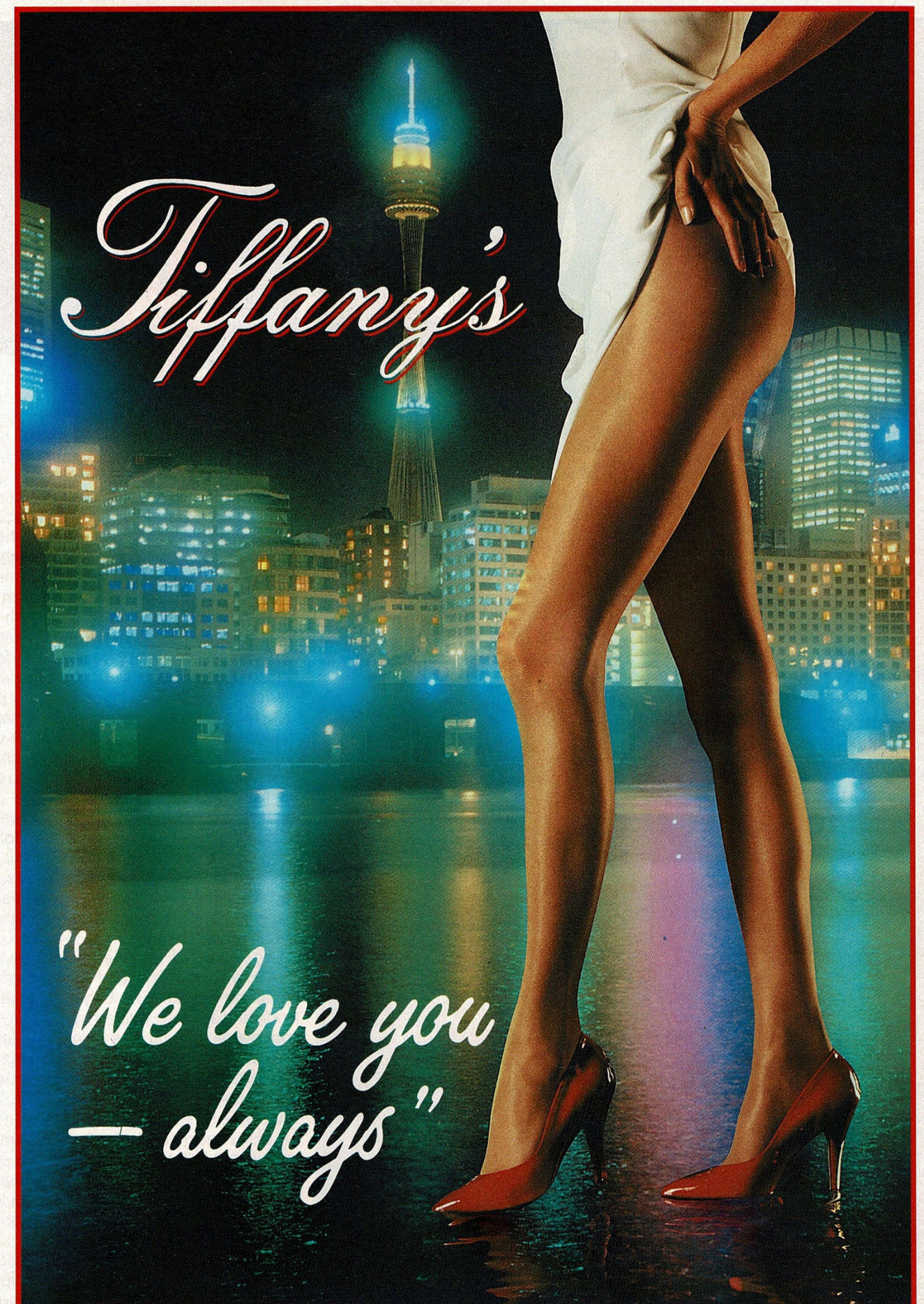
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NIGHT & DAY

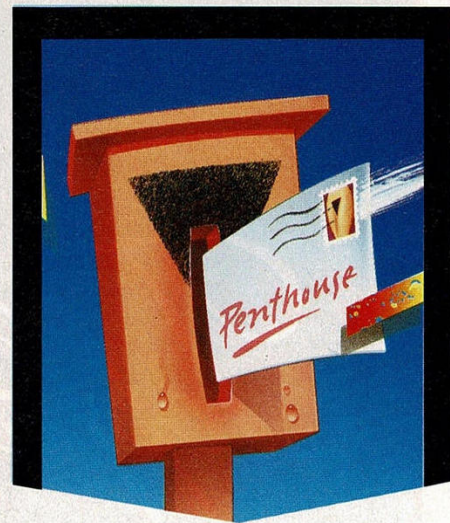
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Continued from page 8

forcing the nipple further into my very willing mouth. Suddenly she leant back, grabbed my right hand and fed it into her pyjama bottoms. "Do it to me," she whispered, thrusting her hips towards me. I finger-fucked her like crazy and massaged her clit until she came. With a big sigh she slumped down and lay with her legs apart, looking at me. It's a wonder someone didn't hear us with the noise we made.

My cock was about to burst, but I had other plans first. I knelt down in front of Meg, pulled her pyjama bottoms off and placed a smooth, tanned leg over each of my shoulders. Then I buried my face in her tasty, hot pussy. Soon my tongue was alternating between darting into her hole and doing a quickstep with her clit, which was swollen to the size of her nipples. I had problems because she had my head in a leg-lock and was trying to drown me (and I loved it).

Leg-lock or not, I returned two fingers to Meg's very wet hole while I concentrated on licking her clit. She began to groan loudly and anybody walking by must have known exactly what was going on. Meg was building up to a monster orgasm, and she began to writhe under my tongue. "I want to be fucked!" she cried out. "I want to be fucked hard!"

I didn't speak, being too busy with my tongue, but I shook my head and altered from licking to sucking her clit. She was gripping the edge of the stairs and I could see her finger tips growing paler as she held on.

"Fuck me, you bastard," she screamed, and then she came. She bucked her hips high into the air and ground her convulsing cunt against my face. "Oh God," she yelled, then collapsed in a heap around me.

I bobbed up and wiped my mouth. "You want to be fucked?" I asked innocently. She scowled at me. "On the bonnet of a car?" I continued. That did it. She cracked

a slow smile, and on my invitation, followed me into the garage.

I opened the double doors so that we were easily visible from the street, only 20 metres away. I ignored my own car which was fairly nondescript, and led Meg to a sleek red Celica which belonged to the bloke downstairs who had gone away for the weekend in his 4WD. Meg grinned, turned her back to me and bent over the bonnet, giving me an eyeful of beautiful, deep-pink, swollen lips between two firm, tanned thighs. With a smile she leant forward, arched her back and waved her cunt at me cheekily. It was too much for my cock, and I aimed it for her bulls-eye. I slipped in easily, and having been deprived of sex for several months, I couldn't believe how good it felt. I wanted to go berserk, but tried to control myself at first. Meg, who was breathing heavily, reached around behind her and grabbed my arse, pushing me deeper into her. "Fuck me *hard*," she moaned.

It was all I needed. I flung myself into her, driving with long, deep strokes. We slipped a bit on the smooth red bonnet of the Celica, but Meg wedged herself against the bumper. I was gripping her hips to steady her as I pounded her hungry flesh. Her long, tanned back was arched, her head was thrown back and I could see her nipples brushing the glossy red paintwork in a breathless rhythm.

In the background, on the street, I could hear cars driving by. I heard one slow down, then stop. Catching a glance over my shoulder I saw a Holden at the end of the drive, faces pressed up against the windows. Watching us. It was too much for me, and I let out a shout as I came in a huge, thumping burst which filled Meg to overflowing. I pumped in and out of her gently while my cock subsided, then we just lay sprawled on the Celica for a minute or two to recover. I heard the Holden rev up and drive away.

Meg turned around and lay on the bonnet with her hands behind her head and a satisfied grin on her face. Then, without warning, she slithered down the bonnet and wrapped her soft lips around the head of my collapsed cock. The tip was still very sensitive, but she brushed it softly with her tongue. She licked and sucked around the base, licking me like a cat until she had cleaned my cock of our mixed juices. Her hands were working miracles with my balls, and under such an onslaught, my cock did the only thing it could, and stood up again.

"Good," she whispered, and began to suck me harder. It took me a while, since I had just come, but Meg didn't give up. Using her mouth and her hands she coaxed me into heaven. She ran her tongue up and down the shaft and followed it with fingers and then a soft fist. She licked all around the rim of the head and with the tip of her tongue she teased the eye. She sucked gently on my balls

and bit the tendons showing through the skin of my thighs. Then she came back to my cock and slid her warm, wet mouth down the length of it, swirling her tongue around the head. I lay back and enjoyed every second of it. It was so good I was almost in shock and I didn't want her to stop. At last, though, with a wild spasm, I exploded in her mouth.

By this stage we didn't care about being seen or not, and the car seemed to be suddenly uncomfortable. We staggered off up to my flat, collecting her abandoned pyjamas on the way, for a shower and something to drink. We stayed there all weekend, except for Sunday arvo, when we took time out to wash and polish the Celica, which we had left in a mess. — *Name and address withheld*

Room with a view

While heading interstate on business, I decided to call one of my favorite men and ask him to meet me at the Gold Coast for the weekend. We decided to stay at one of those high-rise hotels which has an outdoor glass elevator. When we arrived in our suite, I was greeted by a bouquet of wildflowers and a chilled bottle of champagne. I slipped into a very nice, tight-fitting dress, hiding my sexy black lingerie, and went down to the lobby to greet him.

He arrived in his elegant Air Force uniform. I welcomed him with a long passionate kiss and took him upstairs to our 16th-floor suite. We sat on the love seat in front of the window talking and sipping wine, but our appetite for each other was impossible to suppress. I slowly started to undress him, kissing his body

as I stripped him down. He returned the favor by kissing and teasing my body as he tenderly undressed me.

Slowly, I made my way down to his throbbing cock, licking and nipping at his flesh as I went. I had never seen such a large cock on any of my other lovers, and my airman was at full attention. Kneeling in front of him, I sucked his tasty cock eagerly. My tongue swirled around the head of his masterpiece then moved up and down its length.

Wanting to submerge his cock in my hot, wet pussy, I had him position me on the love seat and enter me from behind, my head spinning as I felt the sensation of his manhood piercing me. I began moving my hips back and forth, pressing harder against him to bring him deeper in to my hot box. The feeling was more than I could control. I screamed with delight as my cunt pulsed around his dick. The sensation of my contracting pussy around his cock caused him to come.

At that moment, three guys in the glass elevator began applauding and yelling "encore." We were so lost in our passion that we didn't even realise that we had forgotten to close the curtains. — *Name and address withheld*

When opportunity knocks...

I would like to share with you a little incident that happened to me recently. Juliane is a girl from work whom I admire very much, and to be honest I have dreamed day after day of taking her into my arms and making wild and passionate love to her. Well, the other day I got the chance.

Juliane needed help at her house to do

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something, and as her boyfriend was away I offered to give her a hand, arranging to meet her at her place. Because of the hot weather I was only wearing shorts and a tank top, hoping to arouse her. But when she opened the door, I nearly came in my pants. She was wearing skimpy shorts and a skin-tight T-shirt. After I had recovered from this sight she invited me inside and led the way to her bedroom.

When we reached her bedroom she grabbed my arm and led me to her king size bed. At first I was surprised at what she was doing — until she rolled on top of me and told me that she had been watching me from a distance as well, and that she was mine to do with as I wished. So I told her to undress me, and after saying this I began to slip off her tight shorts and T-shirt, allowing her ample breasts to spring free. Meanwhile she had eased off my shorts and my seven-inch cock had sprung to attention.

I told her that we should kneel on the bed so that we could explore each other with ease. I began to massage and squeeze each of her breasts and lick and suck her nipples, which were rock hard. A low moan escaped from her lips, so I straightened up and began to tongue kiss her for what seemed like ages.

All this time she had been working on my cock, rubbing her fingers up and down my shaft and squeezing and tickling my balls. This nearly sent me through the roof but I managed to hold off. Gradually I made my way down her body, leaving kisses in my wake until I reached her peaches and cream. I pushed her back on to the bed and put my arms around her waist, lifting her arse off the bed. Then I proceeded to lick her cunt from her bum to her clit.

I inserted a finger into her dripping hole and slowly moved it in and out, making her buck against my face. I slipped a finger into her arsehole. By this time she was moaning deeply and whispering to me to push my cock up her cunt and fuck her till she cried. But I hadn't finished yet. I suggested that we get into the 69 position, and she was all for it.

When we were settled I proceeded to lick her cunt and fuck her with my tongue. She was working on my cock like there was no tomorrow, licking around my shaft and sucking my balls with gusto, and had even begun to prod my arsehole with her finger. When I thought the time was right I told her to get on to her hands and knees. I positioned myself behind her, grabbing her hips and slowly guiding my cock into her steaming tunnel.

Soon she was thrashing about crying with pleasure. I lay over her back and reached around to fondle her tits. I

whispered in her ear that I was going to fuck her like she had never been fucked before, and she responded by turning her head so that I could tongue her mouth. Then I straightened up and began to pummel her pussy with my cock.

I was on the verge of coming, and I guessed that she was too because she started to scream and whimper for me to come in her mouth. So I told her to get into the 69 again so that we could take each other over the edge. It only took several powerful sucks from her expert mouth to bring me to the point where I was spurting hot, creamy spoo into her mouth — which she eagerly swallowed. I continued to nibble on her clit until I heard her gasp and felt her sweet juices.

Ever since that day Juliane and I have been close friends. Her boyfriend never did come back from wherever it was he went, and bloody good job too! — *Name and address withheld* 

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BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

Gold Coast Frolic

My best friend and I have been friends since school. While we were on holidays on the Gold Coast last month we decided to have a break from everyday life, so we rented a luxurious two-bedroom unit right on the beach.

We wanted to hit the beach to perfect our tans and maybe get a couple of men. Tina is slightly shorter but has an equally beautiful, slender body. We are both very proud of our shape and work hard at keeping ourselves near perfect.

We arrived at the beach around midday and opened a bottle of champagne. After a couple of glasses, we decided to soak up the sun. I slipped into my G-string and skimpy bikini top. G-strings would have to be the most erotic pieces of clothing ever invented and I get extremely turned on when my G-string pulls hard against my bottom. We both massaged lotion into each other's bodies and, because the champagne had gone to our heads, we applied the cream to each other's arses and thighs.

The beach was deserted, so I took off my top to let my breasts breathe and soak up the sun. I applied cream to my breasts and especially my nipples. I then lay back and fell asleep for an hour or two. I awoke to see Tina's top removed and her voluptuous breasts hanging loose.

We both went for a swim and let the cold water cool our hot, near-naked bodies. Tina lead the way out of the water and I could not keep my eyes off her glorious buttocks. They were so beautifully shaped. The thought of making love to my best friend kept racing through my mind.

Back at the unit, Tina opened a bottle of chilled white wine. We sat on the sofa in our bikinis and relaxed. A couple of times I thought I saw Tina staring at my body, but every time I caught her she smiled and carried on talking.

We continued laughing and telling stories. The wine was taking effect and I had an almost uncontrollable urge to reach out and hold her in my arms. So I told her I was going to have a shower. She told me to call out when the shower was free.

In the shower I started pinching my

nipples. I grabbed the shower head and started massaging my pussy with the pressurised water. I slid my fingers in and out of my pussy, pausing to lick my juices off them.

I could have stayed there for hours, but I remembered Tina wanted a shower. So as I was stepping out of the shower I sang out that the shower was free. To my surprise, Tina walked in, took off her bikini and hopped into the shower while I was standing there naked. I was mesmerised to see that her pussy was clean-shaven. No wonder I didn't notice any hair poking out of her G-string.

The thought of diving into the shower again sprang to mind, but I was afraid of giving her the wrong impression, and spoiling our friendship.

I went into my room, removed my towel and lay naked on the double bed. I was so turned on that I had to do something, so I spread my legs and started sliding my fingers in and out of my cunt and teasing my clit.

I was groaning softly and moving my hips backwards and forwards. All of a sudden I glanced up and saw Tina standing in the doorway staring at me. I was incredibly embarrassed and didn't know what to do. But she smiled, threw off her towel and climbed on top of me.

I could feel her wet, shaved pussy on my tummy. She looked wildly desirable, sitting there with her breasts and chest

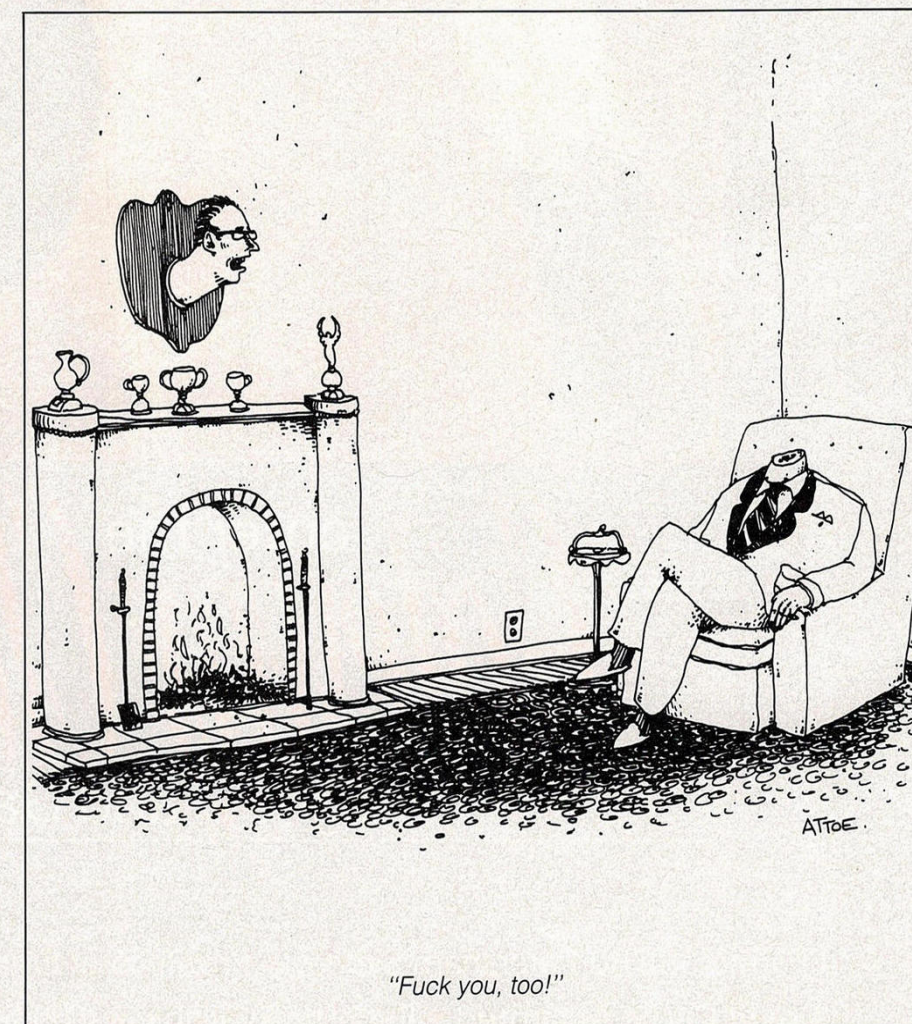
heaving slightly. Her pussy was swollen, pink and hot. She moved my hand away from my slit and slowly licked my fingers, one by one.

I was still unsure what to do. Basically, I had frozen. But she bent over me and ran her hot, wet tongue from my lips over my breasts and down to my vagina. Her arse was in the air and I could clearly see her pink-clam pussy and arse in the mirror behind her.

Tina's tongue arrived at my slit. Gently she licked around my clit and cunt. She touched and stimulated every inch of my pussy — inside and out. She kept on going until I hit a massive climax.

Then it was my turn. I ran my hands over her arse and touched her pussy lightly. She was hot and wet, so I slid two fingers into her shaven hole and started to massage her clitoris. She began to move rapidly over me, and I caught one of her nipples in my mouth and sucked for all I was worth.

I was still locked on when she climaxed. I didn't want to be deprived of the chance to taste another woman's juices, so I suggested we try a 69. I stayed on the bottom and opened my legs wide. As Tina turned around I pulled her cunt down to my mouth, parted her lips and inserted my tongue as deep as it would go. Tina also started with deep probing strokes in my wet pussy. Her arse was staring me in the face, so I gave it a kiss as though it





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BLACK LABEL EDITION forum

were a pair of lips. I resumed eating her pussy and massaged her anus. We were squirming with anticipation.

Tina then stopped and suggested we try something adventurous. We decided to raid the fridge — whipped cream, wine, bananas and a cucumber. The first glass of wine went down fast and hit my head just as quickly. Tina lay down on her back and stretched her legs out wide. I nibbled her thighs while I squirted whipped cream over her breasts, tummy and pussy. I peeled a banana and slipped it into her wet, creamy cunt — it went in all the way easily and she let out a low moan. I started licking her stomach and at the same time moving the banana in and out. Then I licked the cream off her shaved mound and worked the tip of my tongue over her clit. At the same time I tickled her arsehole with a finger.

Tina rolled over on to her hands and knees, offering me her arse. I sprayed whipped cream all over it and began licking it off again, finally poking at her hole with my tongue. She was groaning and fingering her clit, and she began to sway her arse from side to side. Then I stuck my tongue into her arsehole as deep as it would go, and wiggled it around. "Fuck," she cried. "Oh, fuck!" Then she screamed, and the banana shot out as she came.

It took Tina a while to recover. I was wildly horny, so I sprayed some cream on my own pussy and spread it around. My own fingers were quickly replaced by Tina's. She dipped them in and out of my cunt and brushed my clit. But I told her to wait a minute. I picked up the cucumber and sprayed cream on that, too. Then, holding it vertically, I squatted down on to it, slowly driving it into my cunt. It was a bit big, but eventually I had most of it in.

Tina began licking my clit, sucking it gently. At the same time she moved her hand around to my arse and began tickling my hole. I bobbed up and down on the cucumber and Tina kept pace until I was on the point of coming. When it hit, my orgasm was so intense that I nearly passed out. I rolled over, with the cucumber still in me, gasping.

Tina's lips found mine and we kissed deeply. I didn't know what to say — or think — but it didn't matter. We fell asleep, and in the morning we did it all again — but that's another story. — *Name and address withheld*

Rain check

A couple of weeks ago I went camping with two exchange students from Sweden. Bente, 18, and Freya, 19, both are stunning looking girls. On this trip, however, I got more than I bargained for. When it started to rain, the three of us had to spend the night together in a two-man tent. With two exquisite girls on either side of me, my eight-inch wonder began to stir.

Now I'm a fella who is always ready to try something risky. So I let my hand slide down Freya's thigh. She stiffened at first, then relaxed and asked me if I wanted to fuck. Naturally I said yes, but I didn't know what to do about Bente. Freya merely leant over me, gave Bente a shove and told her what we were going to do. To my surprise, she said she'd join in. I couldn't believe my luck. I got undressed and watched the girls peel their clothes off. As they pulled off their tops off, I was greeted by two sets of the most beautiful tits I had ever seen.

I went to Freya and sucked her nipples until they were stiff. Bente explored my cock with her tongue while gently massaging my balls with her hand. I kissed my way down Freya's belly until I reached her mound, then ran my tongue up and down her thighs until she was squirming with delight. Finally, I slipped my tongue into her moist cunt and spread her flaps apart with my fingers. I pushed

my fingers deep inside her cunt and flicked my tongue across her clit.

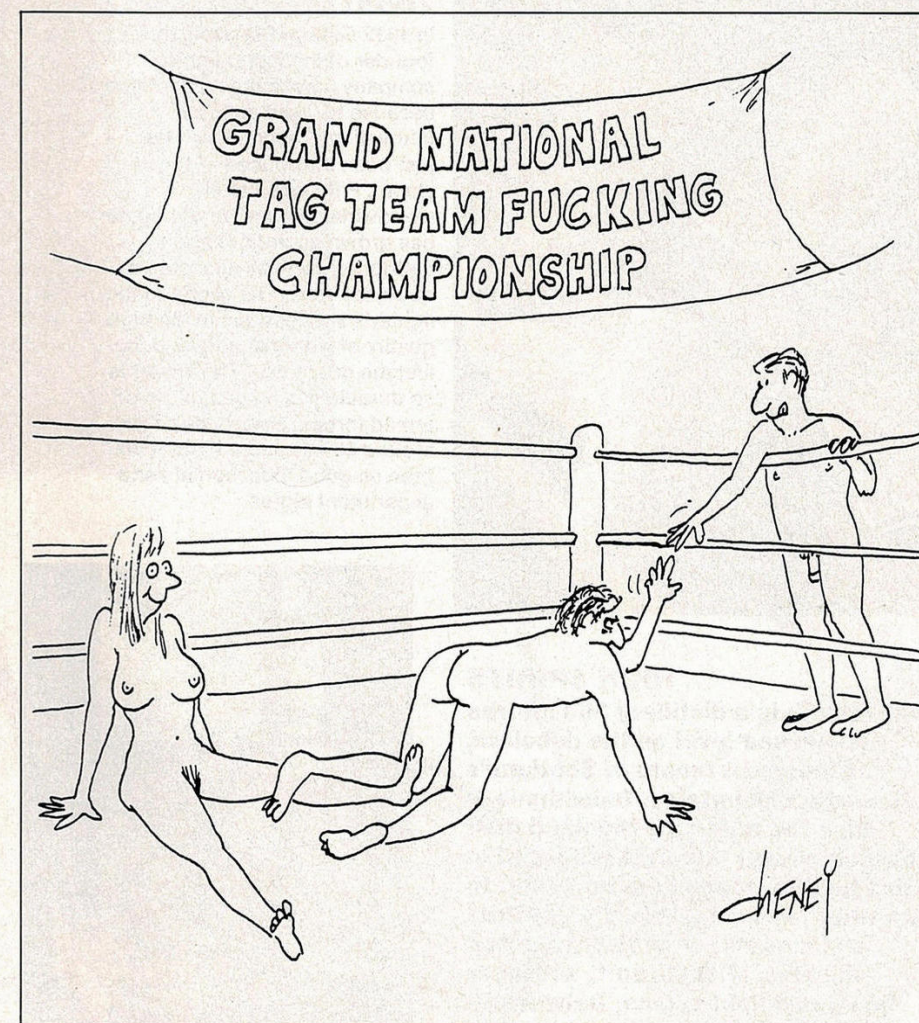
I myself wasn't far away from coming as Bente was working the head of my cock over like her life depended on it. When Freya moved down to give Bente a hand I knew there was no turning back. I came like there was no tomorrow. After minute, Bente went back to work on my cock and soon had me raring to go again.

Bente then lowered herself down until her beautiful glistening cunt was centimetres away from my purple head. She grasped it and teased herself by rubbing it across her cunt lips and clit. I moaned in pleasure as she sank deep down on to my cock. Freya straddled my head so I could see right up into her cunt as she fingered herself.

I pulled Freya's pussy wide apart and slid my tongue into her soaking cunt. Just at that moment, Bente and I both came, but Bente didn't stop, she just kept on grinding on my cock.

Who was I to complain? I regained my composure and continued to suck on Freya's clit as she ground her cunt on to my face. I dipped two of my fingers into her and sucked on her clit for all I was worth. She cried out and covered my face in love juice.

We decided we had had enough for the night and discussed how I would fuck Freya the next day. — *Name and address withheld* 



loose ends

THE WETSUIT

Quiksilver Wetsuits was formed by surfers Tom Carroll, Bruce Raymond and John Howitt. The Quiksilver wetsuit was designed by surfers for surfers and the lifetime guarantee on seams, and two-year warranty on workmanship and materials, separates it from the rest of the pack. Available from all leading surf stores. Trade enquiries to Stuart Cooper on (02) 979 5699.



IN THE BAG
Staying warm outdoors this winter is easy with a top-quality down sleeping bag from Paddy Pallin. There's a model to suit all conditions, from camping on the coast to climbing Everest. Prices start at \$249.00. Available from all Paddy Pallin stores.



SERIOUS COMFORT
Adidas' new Olympia range is the ideal cross-training shoe. With full-grain leather uppers and pre-moulded removable EVA Torsion inlay sole, the Olympia range provides the comfort required by people who take their fitness seriously. The RRP is \$175.00.



IN GEAR

If you've got the wheels, Bolle's got the gear this winter. The Team Bolle winter sportswear range includes nylon-lycra cycling gear in black and white with fuchsia, aqua or orange highlights. It's emblazoned with the Team Bolle logo and the motif "Protection In Action", and is available from sports stores and surf and ski outlets.



DEAR DIARY
The new digital diary from Casio will remember everything you can't. Weighing just 110 grams and incorporating calendar, telephone directory, memo pad and reminder, it's the ideal companion for those who can't get organised. Price is around \$150 and it's available from most good electronic outlets.



ZIPPO

In 1932 George Blaisdell, the founder of the Zippo lighter company, chose the name Zippo because he liked another innovative product which had just been introduced — the zipper. Fifty years later, worldwide demand for the lighter has grown so great that distributors will be allocated a quota for 1992. The secret to the lighter's success lies in the high quality of workmanship and the lifetime guarantee. The lighter is so durable it is issued to the US armed forces. Zippos start from around \$30.00 and are available from all good tobacconists and department stores.



HIGH SPIRITS

Dalwhinnie is a distillery 300 metres above sea level on the desolate, windswept moors of Scotland's Grampian Mountains. Dalwhinnie is also the name the highland malt Scotch whisky which is produced in this hostile, rugged environment. In contrast, Dalwhinnie is the gentlest and smoothest of all the Scotch whiskies. With its soft, whispery finish and light aroma, Dalwhinnie is an ideal alternative to liqueurs.



ULTIMATE PROTECTION

Bolle has released a new range of sunglasses for the extroverted winter-sports enthusiast. The "John Lennon" round frame features bright leather side-shields for wind and glare protection from all angles, while the impact-resistant Spectra Blue lenses provide 100-percent ultraviolet protection. Away from the snow or on fine days, the side shields and nose protector are fully removable. Bolles are available from all good optical and sporting outlets. The recommended retail price is \$139.95.





Pet Of The Month, Michelle Lake

INSIDE MAY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Drug Smuggling — Professional drug smugglers joke that bad weather is more of a worry than law enforcement on Australia's northern coastline. This underpopulated continent, dotted with easy offloading points, is a dream come true for international smugglers. Next month's *Australian Penthouse* documents in detail a major marijuana drop from Asia to the Queensland coast, questioning the credibility of maritime authorities and proving the ease with which drugs are shipped into Australia.

Soul Revival — It may be a quarter of a century too late, but Australia has fallen for classic soul music. Jimmy Barnes' late 1991 feat of debuting his *Soul Deep* album at number one and selling 100,000 copies in a few weeks spearheaded the trend. In May *Australian Penthouse* Glenn A. Baker looks at the reasons for the soul revival.

Nightlife — The first in a series profiling nightclubs and nightclubbers takes you to Queensland. Future instalments investigate Melbourne, Perth and Sydney nightlife, but you can have a night out in Surfers Paradise in May *Australian Penthouse*.

Pet Of The Month — Michelle Lake is a NSW country girl with an eye on the bright lights. A self-confessed loner who loves to go bush, Michelle arrived in Sydney to explore. Join her as she discovers big-city sophistication in next month's edition of *Australian Penthouse*.

mum's the word

Continued from page 30

twice, has had numerous de facto relationships and has what he describes as "three kids living in various parts of the country."

Although no Australian studies have been undertaken in the area, an American study found that people who have been abused at an early age in a way that produces guilt, shame and a loss of self esteem are likely to have less resistance to viewing themselves as saleable commodities. In other words, a fair number of those sexually abused as kids become hookers.

In considering the psychological effects that the incest has on these men, Allen Tegg says that incest victims often become extremely gung-holier-than-thou: "They are anxious to show that they are more than just a body to be used for sex. The pain and anger of the incest drives them to prove that they can make something of themselves. Also, these children are precocious in that they know about an adult world long before any of their peers. This sets off a dynamic of always needing to be in front."

Another spin-off effect from incest is the yearning of these men to absolve the guilt of betraying their fathers as a result of the acts they performed with their mothers. The incest creates a deep-seated need for the approval of their fathers. Often the victims of mother-son incest become high achievers in sport and business in an attempt to have their "betrayed" fathers think well of them.

This desire can also become inverted so that the sons go through life feeling ashamed because they outdid their fathers with their mothers. Because of this, they feel they can't outdo Dad in any other way, be it professionally, socially or on the sports field. Their lives become limited by their father's achievements.

Tony Phiskie states that the balance between services for women and men needs to be redressed: "If a man makes a move to disclose his abuse, it is currently difficult to get help. Not being able to find counsel and support only feeds the secrecy."

Where to get help: NSW — Child Abuse Prevention Service (02) 344 7646 (24 hours); Dymnna House (02) 797 6733; The Men's Development Centre (02) 555 8753; Vic — Domestic Violence and Incest Centre (03) 387 9155; Qld — Crisis Care (07) 227 5999 (24 hours); WA — Incest Survivors Association (09) 227 8745; SA — Crisis Centre (08) 232 3300 (24 hours); Tas — Sexual Assault Crisis Service (002) 311 811; ACT — Incest Centre (062) 496 070; NT — Crisis Line Service (089) 819 227 (24 hours).

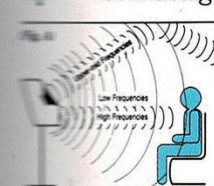
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It's astonishing. You're used to speakers blanketing a room with ambience. Or limiting imaging to a narrow sweet spot.

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And you're right in the middle of it. Imaging is far more focused than conventional speakers, so not only can you pinpoint instruments with striking accuracy, but experience their size, weight and texture as well. We've combined that improved definition with more spacious, natural ambience that envelops you in what we call the Spatial Soundstage™ (Fig. A)

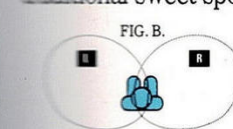


The technology responsible for Holographic Imaging could only have come from the people who invented acoustic suspension.

ASTOUNDING SOUND BECAUSE WE BROKE THE VERY RULES WE MADE.

For instance, the first four in the H/I Series have the woofer on top, angled precisely. This minimizes unwanted crossover components and diffraction effects, leaving nothing between you and the music.

The offset dome tweeter adds strong, precise imaging over a broader area than merely the traditional sweet spot. (Fig. B)



In the two largest H/I Series, we put the midrange on the top on an angle. Then we mounted the woofers into a filtered

chamber. The result...Filtered Suspension...tight bass response combined with dynamic, efficient performance. (Fig. C)

The narrow speaker encasement (Minimal Baffle Design) reduces reflected information and gives you an enormous sound from a surprisingly small amount of space.

SOUND DESIGN DICTATED COSMETIC DESIGN.

The design philosophy here is "form follows function." As such, every physical characteristic is born from specific physics and psych-acoustic principles. The result is a seamless blend of engineering innovation and visual art.

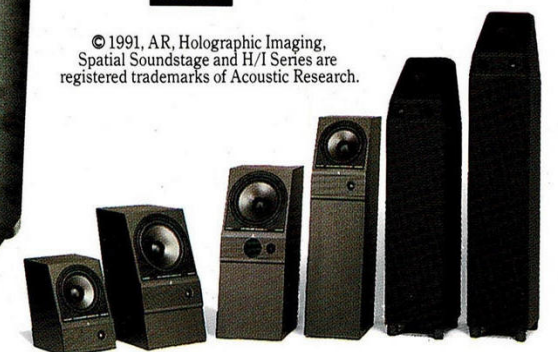
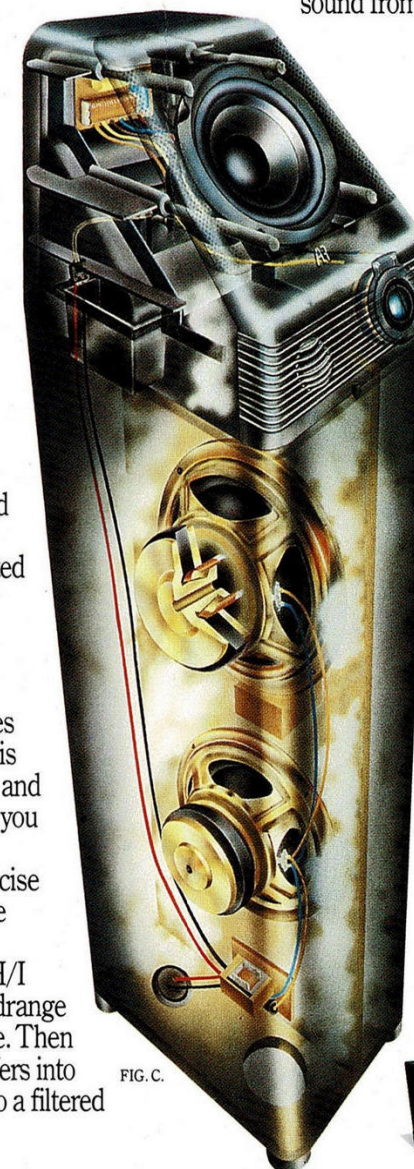
From bookshelf to tower, each sleek, uncompromising model projects precise stereo performance. Other finish options are available on the largest model.

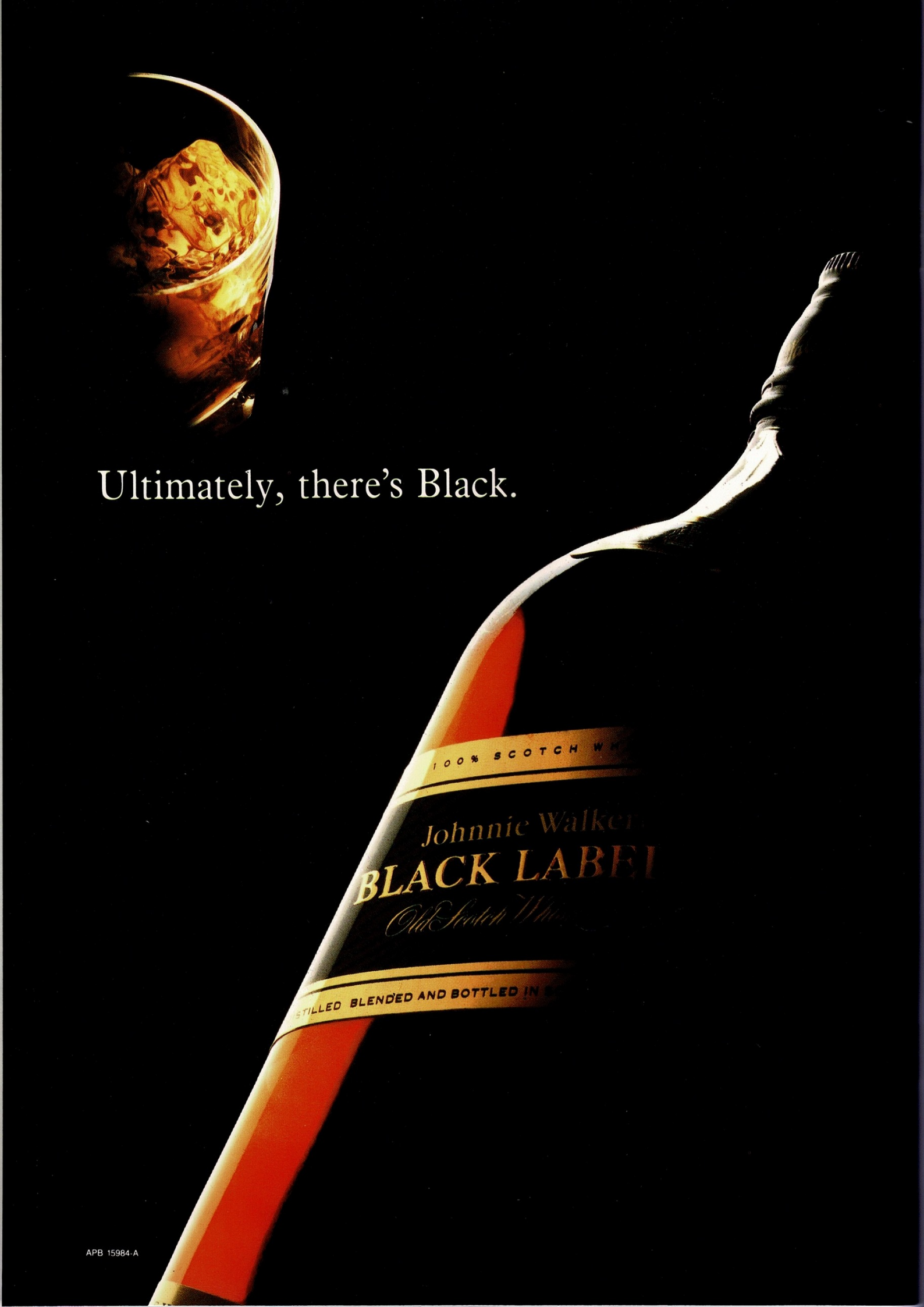
You know our reputation for innovations. Four decades worth that have brought stereo to where it is today. Or should we say where it was yesterday? Because today the Holographic Imaging Speaker takes us beyond conventional "stereo-filled" rooms. Beyond mere "sweet-spots". to a wider area of clear, focused imaging than ever before. For stereo enjoyment even we never imagined.



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Ultimately, there's Black.